

THE HOME GUARD
SUPPLEMENT
TO PENNYFARE

LT 30/25

A. G. Parker's copy

THE HOME GUARD
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TO PENNYFARE

April 1941 to September 1941



London Passenger Transport Board
55 Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.



THE HOME GUARD

SUPPLEMENT TO PENNYFARE

NO. 19
(WAR SERIES)

APRIL
1941

FOREWORD

BY THE OFFICER COMMANDING

THE introduction of *The Home Guard* is another milestone in the formation of London Transport's unit and is one which I sincerely hope will be appreciated by all members. I have long felt that it would be a great advantage to have the means of giving you interesting news of developments and incidents in connection with your unit and also any interesting news of the activities of other sections of the Home Guard, and in turn, I hope to see much in this journal of the doings of yourselves.

In May, 1940, we were first approached by the War Office to form an L.P.T.B. unit of the Home Guard to defend London Transport's properties against sabotage, attack by fifth columnists, or against any form of enemy attack, especially by parachute. Enrolment was at once commenced and by August the unit was fairly strong. This was very creditable to all, especially when one considers the calls there are on all men's time, and when considering the domestic responsibilities in wartime. The unit is now much stronger, but it is not enough—we have permission from the Home Guard H.Q. to increase our strength—we must do this—I feel sure we can, if all members of London Transport realise that in joining the Home Guard they are doing work of great national importance. Belonging to the London Transport unit is not just a London Transport matter—it is far beyond that—it is taking part in the defence of our country and defending all our homes and those dear to us.

We have recently been asked, in certain circumstances of emergency, to have men available for general service in the defence of London—we have agreed to this—surely this is something to be proud of. We have had many difficulties to contend with in connection with the requirements of the unit, but we are endeavouring to get over these as quickly as possible. Steps are being taken to improve the guard-room conditions and also shelters for the guards wherever they are posted. I ask you all to be patient in this connection and can assure you that improvements will proceed as speedily as possible. There have been many resignations since the inception of our unit—I am well aware that many of these are due to members being called up for the regular services and others to domestic and other difficulties, but if there are any of you who have resigned and who are prepared to rejoin, I shall welcome you being on the strength again. I do ask all of you who can help by being members of this unit to do so, as I am very keen to bring it up to its full strength as soon as possible.

We have been faced, all the way through the building up of this unit, with delay in equipment to supply all members with the required amount. I may say this has been a great concern of mine and I have been, and am constantly, pressing H.Q. to supply us with all we need. We have been successful in many ways, but there are still certain things, such as helmets and respirators, to come. I am hoping that

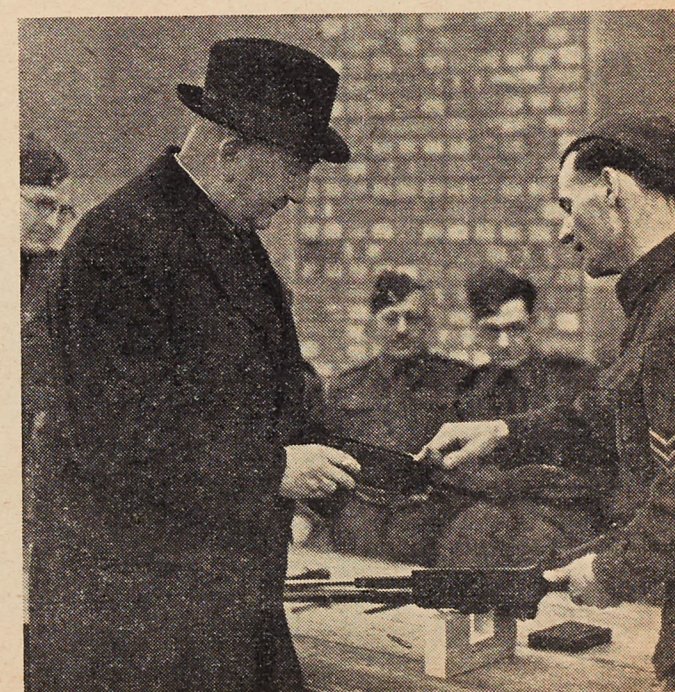
we shall not have to wait much longer for them. I ask you to be patient as I am doing all I can to get what you require in the way of equipment.

I feel I must refer to the parade we had at Osterley on July 21st, when Lord Ashfield inspected you. It was a great credit to you and was much appreciated by your chairman and by the officers from H.Q. who were present. Your unit was only in its infancy then, but you rolled up and made a success of it—although little or no equipment had then been issued. The parade gave me a feeling that the unit was going to be a success and it is. I have had the opportunity, from time to time, of seeing you at work, drilling and receiving instruction, and have always been much impressed by your bearing and efficiency.

As much as possible has been and is being done in connection with ranges, both miniature and full-bore. Every man should be a first-class shot. Your motto should be: "Shoot straight and shoot fast." What a feeling of satisfaction when your bullet finds its billet. I know—I have experienced it so many times in Africa.

I am glad to have this opportunity of being in touch with you and I hope to do so many times again. May *The Home Guard* be a great success and may it be interesting to you all. I take this opportunity of wishing success to the unit and good luck to everyone of you.

E. T. Brook.



Col. E. T. Brook, Officer Commanding L.P.T.B. Unit Home Guard, looks in at an open air lecture

EDITORIAL

WE'RE OFF!

IN this, our first number, there is one thing I want to impress upon all you fellows in the Home Guard. THIS IS YOUR PAPER. By that I do not mean merely that your support is essential to its continuance, I mean literally what I say: This is your paper. It is not our intention that it should be a paper coming from Headquarters and expressing only Headquarters' views—it is open to all members of London Transport's Unit of the Home Guard. Any of you may use it as a medium for expressing your views—but remember, if you grumble with cause, you must also give praise where it is due. In every body of men there are some confirmed grouse—men who, if their organisation were perfect, would complain that they had nothing at which to grouse. For such as these *The Home Guard* has neither time nor space; but if you have a legitimate grouse, then let's hear from you. Maybe the Editorial blue pencil (not to be confused with the blue pencil Editor) will have to be wielded to some effect, but, as far as space permits, your suggestion, your pat on the back, or your complaint, will receive attention.

Since I undertook the job of editing this paper, I have made a point of talking to the bus conductors, drivers, railwaymen and any other London Transport employees that I have met in my travels. Most of those with whom I have talked who are not Home Guard have been the younger men who are expecting to be called up, and feel that it is not worth while joining for a short time. That is a very understandable attitude, but I don't agree with it. The most obvious reason for joining, despite the likelihood of being called up, is that invasion may come before your call-up, and then you will not be ready to help boot the Hun back into the sea—and I don't mind betting you would soon be kicking yourself for losing such an opportunity if that should happen.

There are others who have not joined, or have joined and then resigned, because they felt they were not really doing anything useful. Well, I know the job often seems dull and a bit pointless, but make no mistake, all the Home Guards of this country have contributed to our smashing victories in the Western Desert and elsewhere in Africa, for without the Home Guards we could not have spared the reinforcements from this beleaguered island. Remember, though you have not been granted the honour of being in Africa to speed the parting Wop, never was it more truly said, "He also serves who only stands and waits."

Postscript
OWING to technical difficulties which delayed the publication of *The Home Guard*, much of the copy sent in by correspondents has had to be scrapped, as it became out-of-date. My thanks to everyone who sent in their stuff. You will see that space is very limited and most copy has to be cut considerably, but I hope each month to be able to feature a full report of the activities of at least one platoon. Photographs of special occasions are always welcome, and if you will let me know beforehand, I can always arrange to have a photographer on the spot if there is a chance of some good pictures.

All contributions are welcome and should reach the Editor, A. Burton, Office of *The Home Guard*, Acton Works, W.3, by the 20th of the month, preceding the month of issue.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

FROM all officers and men of the Home Guard (L.P.T.B. Unit) congratulations to Platoon Commander Sharman (No. 3 Platoon, "B" Company, Hounslow Battalion) on his award of the medal of the O.B.E.

One morning of November, 1940, when a London Transport garage had been bombed and was blazing, Platoon Commander Sharman, with entire disregard for his personal safety, drove eight buses through the flames and saved them from destruction—and then went on with his normal job—driving a trolley-bus.

This is the true spirit of England.

THE HOME GUARD

We're the Old Guard and the Young Guard, too.

Stripling and veteran.

Some of us fought at Wipers and Mons

When the last "Great War" began;

Some of us only saw the light

When the story of such was old—

Youngsters to whom those desperate days

Are but as a tale that's told.

But in each of our hearts there burns to-day
The same unquenchable flame—

Love of the land that still is free

And a spirit that none may tame.

A flame that shall burn more fiercely yet

As the testing days go past,

Till victory crowns our arms once more

And peace shall be ours at last.

Whether he comes by land or sea—

If ever he comes at all—

We shall be ready to greet the Hun

Wherever the blow may fall.

We have sworn by the sacred homes we guard

In the land that gave us birth

That the only soil he shall occupy

Is a grave in British earth.

Touchstone

HEADQUARTERS
CALLING

IN this first issue of *The Home Guard*, it is my privilege to speak to the many members of the L.P.T.B. Unit. Many of you I know by name and sight, but it is obvious that with such large numbers as we have, it is not possible for one to know all.

I can, however, say this at once. The record of the L.P.T.B. Unit of the Home Guard is a good one. The members have saved lives and property without thought of their own personal safety and have, in many cases, been commended by the Local Defence Services.

It is a record of which we can be proud. We are a young Unit, but we can build up a tradition and are, in fact, doing so.

The Prime Minister has warned us that we must expect sterner times. The threat of invasion does not deter us, but we must be ready to meet it in whatever form it may come. We must know how to counter gas and how to meet any threat the enemy may produce.

In order to fit ourselves for whatever may come, we must train—and that I know means giving up our spare time, our Saturdays and our Sundays. It means that we can spend less time at home. But I am sure that all we men of London Transport Home Guard are prepared to make more sacrifices in order to fit ourselves for the biggest job of work that we have ever tackled—a job that may start at any moment. And I am equally sure that our womenfolk will bear with us and do their bit by not grumbling if we are away from home when we should normally be there.

And so I ask you, every man jack of you, to give all the time that you can possibly spare to training and keeping fit, so that you may be ready to tackle the Hun and tackle him good and hard if ever he dares set foot on this island.

A. W. Mawby



Col. A. W. M. Mawby, O.B.E., presides at a meeting of Officers. Left to right, Lt.-Cols. Peerless, Powell, Cleary, Coucher, Col. Mawby, Lt.-Col. Alford (standing) and the Adjutant, Major Duffell

BATTALION NEWS

BAKER STREET BATTALION

IN spite of the handicap caused by the absence of properly equipped Guard Room accommodation, Platoons are managing to function with increasing efficiency, and with the coming of better weather and longer daylight evening hours, progress should continue and the scope of training widen.

The rifle range at Baker Street is not used to the extent that it should be, and more benefit would result from the visits to Bisley if Volunteers had spent more time, individually or in groups, on the miniature range.

There was an amusing, if uncomfortable, incident in regard to the visit a short while ago of one of our parties to Bisley. The Transport Officer had some difficulty in finding transport for this party, but on the basis that any vehicle is better than none the party were somewhat staggered to find a furniture van awaiting them! Well, it could have been worse of course: they might have found the transport to consist of a train of vehicles supplied by the nearest funeral furnishers.

Incidental to the above, the position has since improved, but it was somewhat ironical to find parties from outside Units arriving at Bisley comfortably in London Transport coaches or buses, while London Transport parties sat on forms in furniture vans. It is a splendid thing of course to "harden oneself and rough it" on occasion, but it depends a bit on what part of your anatomy it is most useful (or least useful) to harden!

CHISWICK BATTALION

IT was an exciting morning that the Home Guard experienced one Sunday not long ago, at manoeuvres! The weather was kind, it being a cold, bright morning, and in my tour round the area it was obvious that the energy and keenness shown by the Home Guardsmen would be more than effective if the "Jerries" ever did think of trying their invasion!

On arriving at H.Q. I found the Home Guard had taken up most of their positions and that one "prisoner" had already been taken—but this, unfortunately, turned out to be a member of an outside Unit who was "on his way to his Grannie's for approbation of his newly acquired uniform!"

The Kingsland Road Operational Company, commanded by Acting Company Commander W. Edis, were the defenders and the attackers had the job (and a futile one, it transpired) of penetrating into our area.

Referees in blue armlets seemed multitudinous—in fact their number seemed to be only outdone by the many squads of attackers, who had been "killed," "wounded," or "taken prisoner."

From 10 a.m. the record of operations show that movements were fast and furious and make very interesting reading. The Platoon Officers in their various sectors made good contact with H.Q., and are to be complimented on their clear and concise reports. The initiative shown by all was outstanding, and the incidents that occurred had both a serious and laughable strain.

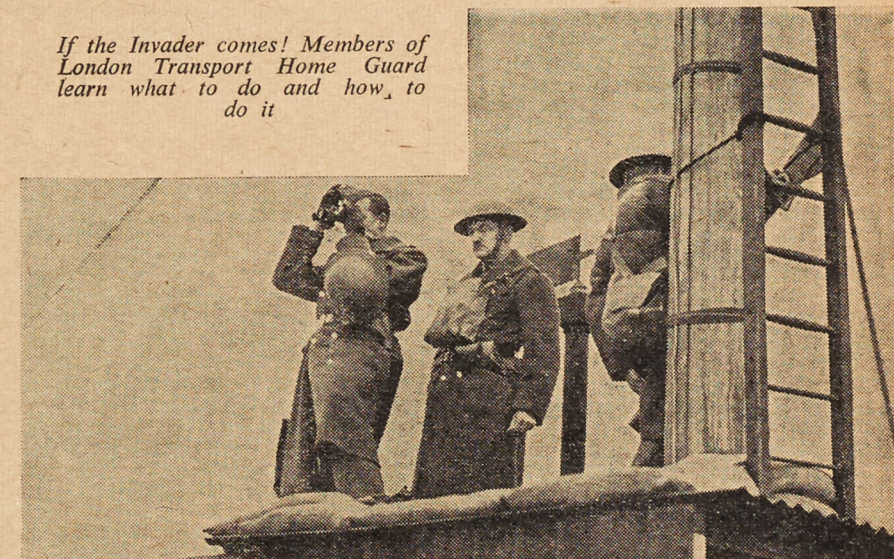
I wonder what were the thoughts of the Home Guard who, with his wife, was giving the baby an airing in the pram? His capture, by a keen-eyed and vigilant Volunteer,

under the impression that grenades might be carried in the pram, certainly caused some amusement.

However, the whole of the manoeuvres were enthusiastically carried out from the highest to the lowest rank, and from the experience gained, future manoeuvres should be even more successful.

On Sunday, March 9th, 1941, a march past of the Kingsland Operational Company took place, and the salute was taken by Company Commander J. J. Honor. The general opinion passed on all sides was that the military bearing and general conduct were excellent. A word of praise is passed to the Platoon Commanders and the C.S.M. on the excellent formation.

If the Invader comes! Members of London Transport Home Guard learn what to do and how, to do it



CAMBERWELL BATTALION

SUTTON PLATOON is living up to the slogan coined by Mr. Herbert Morrison; what with their private fire watches, allotments and daily duties, they have very little spare time. But they manage to find time for their Home Guard duties and perform them with great enthusiasm.

They are all looking forward to the next issue of their "Own Journal," even if it means waiting till their "Guard Night" for a quiet half-hour to digest it.

The Parade at Flodden Road, Camberwell, on Sunday, March 2nd, was a great success from Sutton's point of view, despite the weather. They had the satisfaction of being the best represented Platoon, 53 men turned out, in fact, quite a dozen formed up with another platoon so they could make a better show.

Everyone managed the route march quite well; they looked just as fresh when they returned as when they started.

Everybody from Sutton agreed that they had had a very enjoyable morning and that they were all looking forward to their next visit.

No. 2 Platoon "B" Coy.

Two very interesting events have been staged recently in shoots on the miniature range between the local unit and ourselves, and it is very gratifying to record that we were successful on both occasions.

In the first instance we won by a narrow margin of 2 points with an average of 46 out of a possible 50. Platoon Commander Woods of the locals registered a possible. An interesting climax was arranged when a silver spoon was put up by Sergt. Dry of the locals and was contested for by the best 4 scores of both teams; this was carried off by Platoon Commander Woods who again scored well.

The second contest was won by us by the slightly wider margin of 6 points, in this instance the opposing side again had the satisfaction of obtaining a possible, in the person of Platoon Commander Darke.

STONEBRIDGE PARK

"B" COY. HOME GUARD comprising units from Neasden, Harrow Weald, Stonebridge and Cricklewood, embarked at 10 a.m. one Sunday, for General Service instruction, etc. A short address was given by Mr. F. Alder to officers in attendance.

Company then proceeded to inspect various defensive positions, descriptive account being given of these.

A return was made to H.Q. for lunch after which Volunteers marched to view various interesting objects in the neighbourhood.

Returning by way of a canal bank a heated argument took place as to depth of water (it was said to be 3ft. 6in. in depth). A big merry Volunteer being anxious to verify same and also wishing to maintain a smart appearance (his wellington boots being muddy) repeatedly dipped them in the canal. Lo and behold, to everybody's surprise a cap was seen on the water, the Volunteer was missing. The canal overflowed its banks and several Volunteers went to rescue. Not only the wellingtons had had a bath but the entire clothing likewise. Volunteer also received a good mixture of "fishery ale and canal water." He being somewhat given to embonpoint, uniform has not yet been available to cover his corpulency.

MANOR HOUSE BATTALION

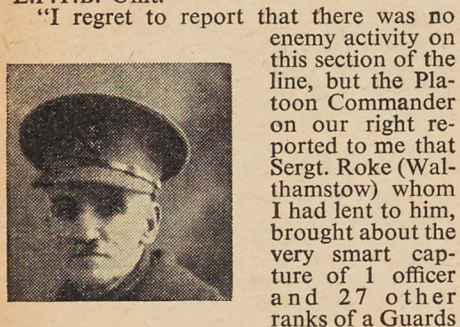
"A" COMPANY No. 2 Platoon
We are holding 6 Drill Parades and 4 Signals Lectures weekly in addition to the usual Sunday Parades and Tactical schemes.

Volunteers are reminded that it is necessary to qualify in arms drill and musketry

(Continued on next page)

CONGRATULATIONS SERGT. ROKE!

THE following extract from the report of Company Commander King to his battalion commander shows the grand spirit and real enthusiasm of the men of the L.P.T.B. Unit.



"I regret to report that there was no enemy activity on this section of the line, but the Platoon Commander on our right reported to me that Sgt. Roke (Walhamstow) whom I had lent to him, brought about the very smart capture of 1 officer and 27 other ranks of a Guards Regiment by his forbearance and control of the very young members of the Home Guard of whom he was placed in charge in a forward bombing post. He allowed the Guards to pass him after notifying main post of their approach, then whilst main post held them, he surrounded them from their rear, so causing them to surrender.

A good time was had by all who went out on this exercise. It was almost Flanders again for MUD, but our boys enjoyed every minute."

DANCING TIME

MERTON PLATOON held a Cabaret Dance recently at The King's Head Hotel, Merton, and there was an excellent attendance.

Music was provided by The Agar Dance Band and the cabaret entertainment by Mr. J. Holt.

There was a warm welcome for members of the Wimbledon Unit of the Home Guard, with which the Merton Platoon has been co-operating for specialised training in the use of automatic weapons. R.S.M. Jobson, C.S.M. Williams and Cpl. Burnard have given unstinted assistance to Merton Platoon and their presence on this occasion was greatly appreciated.

Vols. Blandford and Willmore, Chairman and Secretary respectively, of the Entertainment Committee, are to be congratulated on the success of the evening.

★ Barking Platoon report more than one very successful dance, with music supplied by their own dance band, vocally assisted by the Misses Betty Caplin and Joan Salter, daughters of members of the Platoon. The band is open to engagement for any func-

(Continued in column 3)

DIARY OF A HOME GUARD

6.0 a.m. Awake to the accompaniment of wife's elbow digging in ribs—inquire time—wife grunts, and suggests get up and see—prepare to get up.

6.15 a.m. Still preparing.

6.30 a.m. Almost prepared—wife inquires sarcastically whether parade is cancelled—get up in silence.

6.35 a.m. After gazing into mirror, commence to shave, etc.

7.0 a.m. Transformation—Uniform donned—pack adjusted, boots cleaned, hat placed carefully on head. Examine iron ration—find sufficient for a complete garrison—inform wife too much to carry on active service—wife retorts army marches on stomach, even Home Guards.

7.20 a.m. Sally forth in all glory—paper-boy stares until I wonder if forgotten to put on trousers—decide to ignore paper-boy—hat falls off, replace hat.

7.30 a.m. Attempt to board trolley bus—pack gets caught in hand-rail—hat falls off—replace hat, mount stairs—sit down feeling as though in straight jacket.

8.30 a.m. Arrive at parade ground—report to Platoon Officer—await orders—am

HONOUR FOR ACTON BATTALION

His Majesty the King has given permission for a guard of Home Guards to be mounted at Buckingham Palace, and picked men of the Acton Battalion (L.P.T.B. Unit) have been chosen to form part of the guard. They are now undergoing special training to fit them for this high honour

alternately member of bomb squad, machine gunner, ammunition van, skirmishing party—decide to be a common soldier—take rifle and bayonet—C.S.M. takes over parade—requests us to board bus in voice cross between a Heinkel in distress and the bombardment of Genoa—climb on bus—mount stairs—bayonet slides up small of back—retrieve bayonet—hat falls off—replace hat—perch self warily on edge of seat.

9.0 a.m. Join other units—pick up C.O. and staff complete with Sam Browns and revolvers—abundance of field-glasses remind me of Derby Day—Sergeant reads out orders, password, etc.—feel frightfully important.

9.30 a.m. Arrive at theatre of war—Troops disembark, covered by machine-gun crews looking very ferocious over muzzles of guns—troops dispersed as precaution against air attack—am posted on roof of derelict building where wind is blowing from all directions—amuse myself by shooting everybody in sight—tire of mass murder and proceed to stalk an unsuspecting cat—challenge cat for password but cat

(Continued at foot of next column)

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to the satisfaction of the Platoon Commander before taking up machine-gun and signal courses.

C.S.M. Kirk should be consulted on these matters.

No. 4 Platoon

Having been lucky enough to have a small bore rifle range on our premises, we have been able to entertain other sections at shooting matches. To date we have run out winners of six matches. The last two matches were the most exciting, being against Kingsbury Rifle Club; our team shot very well to come out on top. We hope to receive some more challenges. To make a nice sociable evening we entertained Kingsbury Home Guard at dominoes, crib, snooker, billiards, and darts. A very pleasant evening, and we turned out comfortable winners. Darts, of course, seemed to draw the usual crowd round the board to see some very good games. May I add that from any other Platoon we book evenings such as these. Let's have the challenge.

(Continued from column 1)

tion of London Transport Home Guard. Applications to Billy Holmes, Barking Garage.

No. 7 Platoon B Coy. Chiswick Battalion reports a very successful concert produced by Mr. Goddard with a grand variety of first-class turns. Lt.-Col. Cleary was present and addressed the Company during the evening.

(Continued from previous column)

refuses to co-operate and disappears over fence—return to post—take stock of surroundings—troops taking up positions—officers shouting—N.C.O.'s rushing to and fro—decide to transfer to active service—descend from building—enter street—bash into C.S.M.—follow in wake of C.S.M.—stop trolley bus and inspect identity cards—decide that this is far more interesting, so commence to stop everything on wheels—weary motorist tries to restart engine after interrogation—remark to motorist engine appears to be dead—says in horrible language that he wishes I was—retire rapidly in good order.

10 a.m. Scouts signal approach of enemy—officer orders take up positions—enemy advance covered by machine-guns—enemy blotted out but still advancing—enemy blown to pieces but still advancing—must have nine lives—toss grenades and charge—prisoners and casualties rounded up, taken to G.H.Q.—am informed by irate sergeant that I am blown to pieces by own grenade—am brought back to life as scout and posted at road junction—espy enemy unloading from three lorries, and forming up for attack—rejoin unit, pass on information—take up position with ambush party—after long wait decide enemy must have gone home, but scout signals approach of hostile troops—carefully pick off advance guards with rifle—N.C.O. orders rapid fire—throw grenade which unfortunately strikes young lady in back of neck—mollify young lady—enemy decimated—prisoners, dead and wounded gather round arguing as to who was killed first.

12.50 p.m. Exercise comes to a close—order to re-embark—do so feeling very satisfied with morning's work.

1.50 p.m. Arrive at parade ground—dismissed—determined frontal assault made on local pub—ease pack—raise glass—hat falls off—stays off.

Heigh ho!

E. J. Elliot



THE HOME GUARD

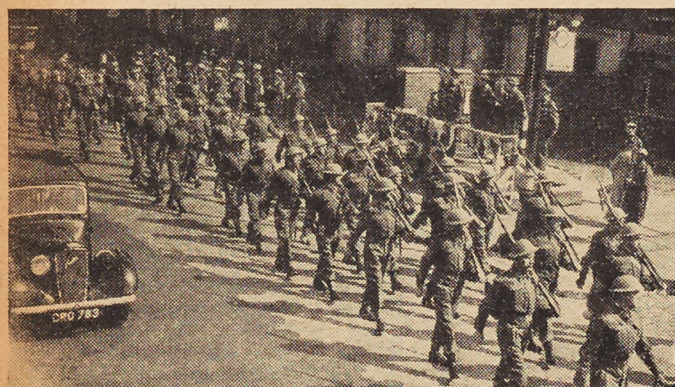
SUPPLEMENT TO PENNYFARE

NO. 20
(WAR SERIES)
MAY
1941

BUSMEN ON PARADE

Col. Mallinson Takes the Salute

ONE Sunday in April, Colonel Stuart Mallinson, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., one of the Zone Commanders, went to inspect a Coy. of the Chiswick Battalion. He arrived accompanied by Platoon Officer Brown, and was received by Lt.-Col. Cleary, O.C. Chiswick Battalion, who introduced him to Colonel Mawby, Lt.-Col. Lane, O.C. Acton



Col. Stuart Mallinson, takes the salute as men of the Chiswick Battalion go marching by and the guard of honour (L) presents arms

Battalion, Major Duffell, the Adjutant of our Unit; Major Peaty, 2nd in Command Chiswick Battalion; Platoon Commander Shave, 2nd in Command of the Company, and Platoon Commander Pulley.

The sun was shining as Colonel Mallinson inspected the guard of honour, commanded by Platoon Commander Roberts, and a very smart guard it was. Their steadiness was marked and their precision of movement a pleasure to watch.

The weather was still in friendly mood when Colonel Mallinson, accompanied by the other officers, mounted the saluting base and the march past began. It was a real thrill to see the long line of men, several hundred strong, come marching up the road, with the traffic temporarily at a standstill. Led by their Company Commander, Major J. J. Honor, they went by marching as one man, almost the only sounds being the tramp of many feet and the orders "No. — Platoon, Eyes Left!" or "No. — Platoon, Eyes Front!" Photographers were busy, nipping here and there, and our own man mounted a waiting bus and managed to get a shot from the upper deck before the bus moved on.

After a short interval the officers boarded a bus and with a Home Guard at the wheel were taken to the place at which the inspection was to take place. No sooner had it begun than the rain came down in torrents and the lightning flashed. But the men stood firm and the inspection went on, despite the counter attraction of a balloon, struck by light-

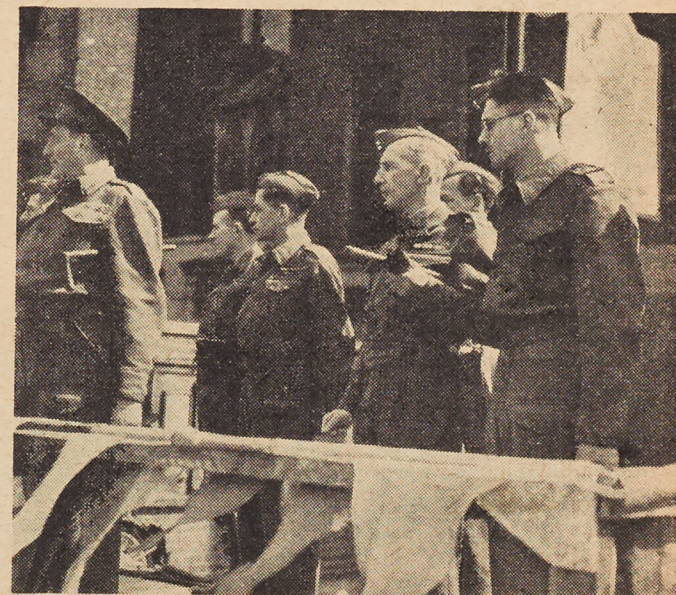
ning, which came down in flames! By the time the inspection was over everybody was drenched and the sun was shining brightly—well, after all, it was April!

Lt.-Col. Cleary, addressing his men, reminded them that it was not a matter of how big was the dog in the fight, but how big was the fight in the dog, and they, he knew, were full of fight. "You've proved that you can take it," he said, "and when the time comes I know that you will show that you can also dish it out! Remember, the London busman has a tradition to live up to, and you fellows have carried that tradition, a tradition of always overcoming obstacles, into the Home Guard with you."

After the inspection, Colonel Mawby said a few words to the officers of the Company. "I am proud," he said, "to be associated with you and your men. There is one thing I always look for on parade, and that is to see if the men are really steady, or if they are wavering, and to-day your men were dead steady. I congratulate you all."

It was a grand turn-out and any man watching those men go marching past might well be proud to be associated with them. They marched with a swing and an obvious pride, so different from the rather sheepish fellows of a year ago who didn't feel too sure of themselves.

This was the Spirit of Britain personified and it is that spirit which makes defeat for Hitler such a certainty. Congratulations, Chiswick Battalion.



Officers at the saluting base at Kingsland Road. Left to Right, Col. Stuart Mallinson, Platoon Officer Brown, Col. Mawby, Lt.-Col. Cleary, Platoon Commander Shave.



With his signaller standing by for orders, an Officer watches operations with the aid of powerful glasses

EDITORIAL

CALL TO ARMS!

UNDER the title, "Danger is our opportunity," there appears below a call to arms sent in by a Home Guard. Nothing in it has been altered, it is just as he wrote it. This paper is distributed only to Home Guards, so may I suggest that you let your friends who are not in the Home Guard read this article. There will, no doubt, be some who will laugh at it, but we needn't worry about them. Surely there will be many who will be moved by the simple words of this man's appeal.

DANGER IS OUR OPPORTUNITY

WHERE are all my comrades who are more fortunate or shall I say less fortunate than many hundreds of thousands of young men—young men who, because they are not in reserved employment, are able to serve in one or other of H.M. Forces? These men are not only defending our country but are defending everyone of us against slavery, concentration camps, etc. Most of us have someone who is very dear to us. Is there anyone of us who would like to have to look on helplessly, and see that person or persons tortured with such ruthlessness as we know our enemy capable? Just recall to mind the suffering caused to the women and young girls of Belgium in 1914. Gruesome though that was, I am convinced that the treatment which would be issued to our loved ones would be far worse because we are English and the most hated people of Hitler and his gangsters.

Now comrades, everyone who is within the age limit—come and join the Home Guard and let our pals who have left us know, that we are at least trying to back them up. As a member of the Home Guard at this depot, I can assure you that we are not only trying to do our bit in this war against Hitler, but we have some really enjoyable hours. We get to know each other better, and realise that we are not just drivers, conductors, inspectors, rolling stock, etc., but that we are all real pals together willing to play our part to defend those who mean so much to us. Now, come along, join the Manor House Batt. Home Guard, which is our battalion! Don't be a "looker-on" when we are on parade. Fall in with us and enjoy yourselves! Our Platoon Commander will give you the necessary form and information. He is always willing to assist anyone of us.

Now pals—one and all, let us prove that the men of all depots are men and not "back-sliders". Every day brings the prospects of invasion nearer, and everyone knows what that would mean to us all. Don't be caught napping. Be prepared. Unity means strength, and strength makes the other side think more than once before attempting to strike.

After reading this, don't walk away and laugh, but read it again and think hard. Ask yourself what you are doing to try and defend your mother, wife and children or whoever is nearest to your heart. If you are not doing anything, how will you answer yourself?

The British Empire is going to win this war with your help if you want it to. Don't think that you are too old. Don't take shelter behind the curtain of reserved employment. Be one of us. We want to welcome you to our ranks. Roll up and have your name added to the roll of Volunteers.

J. W. Cooke, 16399

All contributions are welcome and should reach the Editor, A. Burton, Office of The Home Guard, Acton Works, W.3, by the

WRECKING THE HOME OF THE HOME GUARD

THERE's a tin hat on the sideboard, a coat behind the door,
And a heavy pair of army boots upon the kitchen floor.
There's a gun stands in the corner, and gloves lie in the hall,
And a haversack of khaki hangs on the bathroom wall.
Socks tucked in the cupboard—they need a darn or two,
And sitting on the window-sill are leather spats on view;
A battledress lies folded upon the bedroom chair,
It doesn't matter where you look, equipment everywhere.
There'll be a bout of cleaning of rifle—buttons—boots,
Respecting dining tables he doesn't care two hoots,
I put up (quite good naturedly?) with the litter round the house,
But if he fails to find a thing then you should hear him grouse.
'Tis when he's gone on duty, and I am left alone,
The place is much more tidy and looking more like home.
Yet, as I sit there waiting, I miss each piece and bit,
And the man who's proud of wearing this precious Home Guard kit.

Mrs. Harris
Hertford Garage

OLD SWEAT

Sniped by the Boer in the Transvaal,
Maddened by flies and the heat,
We thought we were daft—and we said it—
To fall for that Sarge in the street.
But somehow we turned up in Flanders,
A target for Jerry the Hun,
Cussing the mud and the rations,
And those posters that made it seem fun.
But we scrambled through somehow, victorious,
At least, so the history books say,
And we didn't shed tears when they sacked us,
Plus medals and overdue pay.
Yet here we are, up to the eyebrows,
In musketry, tactics and drill,
Starting all over at sixty,
And stepping it out with a will.
Perhaps it was something we swallowed,
When rolling around in the pram,
That drives us to guns and discomfort,
And getting mixed up in a jam.
Or maybe we like all the chances,
To grumble and grouse with the mob;
But, whatever it is, once we have started,
We stay till we finish the job.

Vol. P. H. Jennings,



Col. Powell inspects some of his men. The occasion was the Big Parade for Penge

HEADQUARTERS CALLING

IT seems a little strange and even difficult to write a few words for the second issue of *The Home Guard* before having seen the first issue in print, but I can say from personal knowledge that the good work which I mentioned in the first issue is going on. More helpless people have been rescued from demolished houses, more vehicles have been saved from certain destruction and more proofs have been received that members of our Unit are fitting themselves to give Hitler and his minions the welcome they deserve and will surely get if they dare to try and set foot on English soil. Our name with the Zones is good, keep it up, do not be disappointed that nothing has happened so far, but train, train, train, in the idea that it may and that you must be ready. Keep your equipment in perfect order and make sure that your gas mask is effective and that you know how to use it and use it quickly. Treat your rifle as an honoured friend, learn all you can about light automatics, bombs and any other type of arm you can handle. More equipment is coming and every member of the Home Guard should know how to use it. It may not be long before you have the chance. Good luck and good hunting to all of you.

A. W. Shaw

THE AWFUL CHILD

JOHN had reached the age of five and was sent to school. At the end of the first day he returned hot with indignation because teacher had made his class clear up the litter in the playground.

"I'm not doing that sort of work again," he snorted.

"Well, John," said his mother, "I'm glad you are being taught to be tidy."

"Really, mother," was the reply, "what with you and Hitler, I don't know what to do."

CRUMBS!

In the recent air raids a house was badly damaged by blast, resulting in every window being blown out and every ceiling, except one, falling. A member of our Home Guard was passing by and volunteered to help to put things in order. In the middle of the job the lady of the house poured him out a glass of sherry and gave him a slab of cake, remarking as she did so, quite seriously: "Eat it over there, then you won't make any crumbs."

BATTALION NEWS

ACTON BATTALION

"GUARD, turn out!" These words rang out one evening as Colonel Mawby entered one of London Transport's administrative buildings. Immediately the guard turned out and presented arms. After returning the salute, Colonel Mawby inspected the guard and complimented them on their turn out. Then he proceeded to the real business of the day. The inspection of the men who recently formed part of the guard at Buckingham Palace. As he moved down the line, accompanied by Lt.-Col. Lane, Major Scarf, Major Fisher, Platoon Commander Rose and Platoon Commander Steel. Col. Mawby spoke to each man in turn.

In every movement their training by sergeants of the Grenadier Guards showed itself. Do you know how to spot the Guards' training? Just watch the men sloping arms or ordering arms, and you will get the impression that they are counting between each movement, so precise is the pause each time.

Major Fisher, from whose company the men come, is to be congratulated on the keenness and smartness of the men. They are a credit to London Transport.

CHISWICK BATTALION

ONE Sunday recently a very good parade turned out for Field Training with a local unit. This consisted of attack and defence. Speaking from my meagre experience and from the view I was able to obtain I cannot say that the movement on the whole was a great success.

In the first place, the attacking forces were marched from the starting point in column instead of being deployed to avoid being wiped out by overhead forces. May I say that hardly one of the various ranks employed seemed to consider the use of aircraft in present-day warfare. This of course includes the umpires who would naturally be the spotters in actual war.

Passing on to the action, I do not think enough credit was given to the machine gun sections in the defence, as doubtless they would have inflicted heavy losses on the advancing troops. Another thing which happened was that troops were flagged out, but were allowed to retire, adjust their helmets and come on again. This is very misleading and should not have been allowed to occur.

One more point. I think that a fairer assessment of the action would have been given had all the umpires had time to have viewed the defence in its proper perspective.

So much for my comments on this manoeuvre and having passed them I should like to say that we had a very enjoyable morning and we all found a good appetite.

CAMBERWELL BATTALION

BRILLIANT weather greeted us when we turned out on parade in connection with Penge War Weapons Week.

E.D. Garage were also on parade in full force. At the march past, the Zone Commander took the salute, accompanied by the Civic Authorities. It was a great turnout and pleased everyone, especially our Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. Powell.

In the evening our recently formed Committee for social activities put on its first Dance, and a great success it was.

Altogether, it was a grand day and everyone went home happy.

As a Section we think we are good. About midway between Wat Tyler's collection and Napoleon's Old Guard. We all know how to use a rifle and should we ever catch a glimpse of one would recognise it at once. At arms drill we are still more individual than collective and at field training our enthusiasm is becoming tempered with knowledge.

If anyone says that on our first field scheme we shot two of our own most valued members it is untrue. They shot us first. And the volunteer who breathlessly reported an enemy bren carrier containing ten men advancing on Halliloo Farm now knows a will cart when he sees one.

Our N.C.O.s Instructional classes are well attended and we notice a marked improvement in the section training of most of the squads. At musketry we are lucky to have such a good instructor as Cpl. A. Whittle, but firing practice is not as frequent as we would like.

The number of old sweats and rookies in the Section is about equal and discounting previous experience there is not much to choose between them in the matter of training and performance of duties. We do notice, however, that the man with previous service doesn't ask why but gets on with it.

Our oldest member is Volunteer Hilary Fryer. He was a Warrant Officer in the last war, has one son a pilot officer in the Royal Air Force, one in the Royal Navy and his youngest is in the local Home Guard. As he himself says, "If only we could get mother to join the W.A.A.F.s we could have our own Victory Parade."



THE COMMANDING OFFICER

AN interesting exercise in co-operation with the local Home Guard was undertaken on March 30th. A mock invasion was staged, the attacking force consisting of crack regular regiments. The post allocated to Swanley was successfully held and some realism was instilled into the business by the capture of a despatch rider, his motorcycle being used subsequently by the section runner.

An event of outstanding interest was the story of Dunkirk, told by Colonel Short, G.S.O., at the Gravesend Drill Hall. This officer was both one of the first to land and one of the last to leave the beaches. His final words gave this advice to Home Guards. Study the art of concealment. Survey alternative posts, do not concentrate on the one post. Combat fifth column activities by getting to know your neighbours and associates, so that should orders be given you will be able to guarantee their bona fides. Survey your local district to ensure proper and efficient advice to any defending forces likely to come into the district. Finally, keep your heads and hold your fire so as not to disclose your position in the event of attack which would finally leave you at the mercy of the main body.

It was with regret that we lost the services of our Sergt.-Major J. Layton, who joined the Sherwood Foresters on March 31st.

Johnny to us all, he gave great service and help to our platoon, and his knowledge and instructions have given us the inspiration to get through our training in an efficient manner.

Best of luck and many thanks, Johnny.

OUR Platoon Sergt.-Major suggests that we hold a record for the percentage of our total male staff serving in our Home Guard; only fifteen are not members, and these men are either physically unfit for Home Guard duties or else are engaged on Civil Defence work of another nature.

We have been fortunate enough to obtain permission to use the Rifle Range at St. John's, and are pleased to report that our men take a very keen interest in firing on both miniature and classification ranges, and we hope that the difficulties arising out of ammunition shortage will soon be overcome.

Now that we are due for some fine weather, we soon hope to be able to get out on the local common for some field work and a spot of practical training, the need of which is deeply felt. I trust that the keenness shown on the ranges will be prevalent here also.

HOUNSLOW BATTALION

THIS Platoon must consider itself fortunate to have had visits from Sergt. Chapman of the Buffs for instruction on machine guns. Although not attended by as many as was hoped, Sergt. Chapman's classes were eagerly attended by those more particularly interested and each man went through the process of stripping down a gun in easy stages, taking notes on the names of the various parts and the order of procedure. Each man was also supplied with details of the mechanical action of the gun and the stoppages. Apart from what we learnt from Sergt. Chapman (and perhaps a little that he may have picked up from us of the noble game of snooker) I, for one, shall not forget his cheerful words and praise for the Home Guard as a whole; "Heaven help the Jerries when they come up against them," he said.

(Continued on next page)

GUARD-ROOM GOSSIP

IT may not be true that every soldier has a Field Marshal's baton in his haversack, but we have reliable information that some Platoon Commanders go before the Selection Board with their "pips" in one pocket, and a needle and cotton in the other!

WHICH officer is regularly detailed to be shot at dawn—and has a corpse-reviver every sunset? And what is a quartermaster for, anyway?

Who is the Battalion Commander who is known to his friends as "Babe"? We won't mention any names, but it must be admitted that his countenance would be cherubic if it wasn't for his beard.

Who was the scout who on an exercise mounted a tree for purposes of observation and, when told he could come down at the end of the exercise, found the way barred by two bulldogs? And what did he tell those dogs?

HOME GUARD SUPPER

A MOST enjoyable evening was spent at the Royal Oak Hotel, Windsor.

Among the distinguished guests present, were:

The Mayor of Windsor.

Major C. E. Ayres, (London Transport).

Major Read, Adjutant, Windsor Home Guard.

Commander Perry, Upper Thames Patrol.

In proposing a toast to the Home Guard, the Mayor of Windsor expressed his very great pleasure at being present on the occasion, enabling him to congratulate the Home Guard on the splendid manner in which they had responded to the country's call, and to express his admiration of the enthusiastic manner in which they were undergoing their training, and were carrying out the duties which were allocated to them.

Major C. E. Ayres congratulated Windsor on having such capable instructors as Sergt.-Major Forman, Sergt.-Major Smith and Sergt. Kew, all of the Grenadier Guards, and he expressed his appreciation of the efforts these instructors were making to bring about the desired standard of efficiency.

Vol. H. Anscombe was a revelation as Toast Master, and anxiety is felt lest the Lord Mayor of London should acquire his services!



Col. Stuart Mallinson inspects the Guard of Honour at Kingsland Road. Behind him, in pensive mood, is Platoon Commander Roberts, Officer of the Guard

Exclusive Interview

By our West Country Correspondent

ONE day last week I walked to the "Dog and Duck" at Bishop's Hangover to see Mr. Samuel Turmott. Mr. Turmott is regarded locally as one of the greatest military experts in the world, and the Editor had sent me down to see him and get his views on that much discussed topic—Invasion.

I found Mr. Turmott in the bar-parlour of the "Dog and Duck" and introduced myself to him.

"Lunnon Transport, eh?" said Mr. Turmott. "You be one o' they bus driver chaps, be 'e? Danged if oi can see what 'e wants all they things fur—us doan't 'ave they down yere."

"So I've noticed," I replied with feeling, easing my right shoe a little.

In reply Mr. Turmott spat with amazing accuracy into a spittoon at least six feet away.

I pulled out my notebook and ordered two pints of old and mild (Editor please note.)

"Mr. Turmott," I said, "you are well known as a military expert in these parts, and we of London Transport Home Guard want to know what you have to say about the possibilities of invasion."

"Ahr! Invajun!" Again an amazingly accurate shot at the spittoon scored an inner. "Invajun! Ahr!"

I waited with baited breath for words of wisdom—under the battered panama it was obvious that the great brain was at work.

"Invajun!" A bull this time. He sank three-quarters of his pint at one go, in celebration. "'Tis proper old subject, is invajun. Some say 'twill come and some say 'twont come." He shook his head knowingly and I seized the opportunity to order two more pints. (Copy to Editor. For your information.)

"Thank 'e," said Mr. Turmott and applied himself to the tankard. He put it down and licked his lips. "Now this yere 'Ome Guard. Doan't know what to make of un, oi doan't. Us've got one yere, us've, but us doan't reckon as 'e's much good. Too 'igh and mighty 'e be. Used to be General 'e did and calls 'isself Squoire now and won't speak to nobbut doctor and parson. Mounts guard over Railway Station 'e do, Railway Station arn't been used these last thirty year. And ef a body comes along 'e won't challenge un ef it bain't parson or doctor, 'cos 'e won't speak to us yere villagers. Proper old fuij

(Continued in next column)

(Continued from previous column)

'e be. General 'e were—what I say is, thank God us 've got Navy. Oi mind one day—"

Somehow I had to interrupt this flow. "What's yours?" I asked. It worked like magic.

"Zame again, thank 'e."

I ordered two more pints. (Dear Editor, I think I forgot to put these on my expense sheet.)

I glanced at my watch. "Mr. Turmott, I shall have to be going shortly. I should so like to hear your views on invasion."

"Ahr! Invajun!" Another perfect bull. "Maybe these yere Nazis will try it—and then again maybe they won't. Willium the Conkrer tried it, didn't 'e?"

I agreed.

"But old Bonypart, 'e didn't try it, did 'e?"

Again I agreed.

"So you see," said the sage of Bishop's Hangover, "zum try it and zum doan't. 'Tis proper puzzle, that's what 'tis. Oi doan't rightly know. Oi mind my old dad would never yere of it. 'Taint natural, 'e said. And 'tain't natural, neither. But then 'tain't natural to 'ave this yere balloon barridge as you've got in Lunnon. Clutter-in' up the sky so's the poor birds doan't know where they are—and this yere lightin' of 'em up wi' they searchlights at night. Tain't natural. Tain't a natural war nohow. Proper unnatural, that's what 'tis."

At this point we were interrupted by a man asking if anybody wanted a lift to Exeter. I pulled on my right shoe, stifled a yell of pain—and accepted his offer.

Mr. Turmott finished his ale.

"Invajun! Ahr!" But something seemed to have upset his aim, he scored a magpie this time.

(Continued from previous page)

THE truth of the words, "The pen is mightier than the sword", has now been brought home to me. The task of wielding the sword (or bayonet) I find much easier than the pen!

Most of the month has been taken up with firing on the open ranges at Bisley. In was generally hoped that something of the atmosphere might be infused into our systems and produce "King's Prize" results. Alas for our hopes, the "Lancers" were in evidence on several occasions.

In addition to our Bisley activities, contact has been established with the local units. In order that we shall be conversant with our rôle when The Day comes. A great welcome was accorded us by Officers, N.C.O.s and men of the local Company of Regulars.

Besides offering us every facility for co-operation in training, etc., practical help has been given in the form of the loan of light automatic weapons; in order that we may go ahead and teach N.C.O.s and men who are unfamiliar with these weapons. We are extremely grateful for these facilities and tender our heartiest thanks to the Officer Commanding. It shows the spirit of the Home Guard in its desire to fit itself for the job it has undertaken and the willingness and desire of all of its members to help and co-operate. In addition to the above, all members of No. 1 Platoon were invited to see a very interesting instructional film issued for training of H.G. units.

The social side has not been neglected. A committee has been formed and within a short time it is hoped that we shall be able to get together and relax from sterner duties with a smile, a song and a dance.



THE HOME GUARD

SUPPLEMENT TO PENNYFARE

NO. 21
(WAR SERIES)
JUNE
1941

GREETINGS FROM THE CHAIRMAN

MAY 28th last was the first anniversary of the formation of the Board's Home Guard Unit and I gladly take this opportunity to send to the members of the unit my heartiest congratulations on the marked degree of efficiency which the unit has attained within the relatively short period of its existence and on the splendid spirit which prevails among all ranks. With this message my colleagues on the Board and the Officers of the Board desire to be most intimately associated. We have followed the development of the unit with deep interest and we take considerable pride in the success which has been achieved.

The duties assigned to the Home Guard generally are of the greatest importance in the defence of our country. The work which you are performing in protecting vital transport services is as significant as any performed by other units, and it represents yet one more service to the people of London by the staff of London Transport. We have long been trained in the tradition of public service. In times of peace our staff were unremitting in their service to the community. Since the war began that service has continued in full measure despite the drastically changed conditions, and for the past year the members of the Home Guard Unit, in addition to carrying on their normal work, have voluntarily undertaken the exacting duties involved by membership of the Home Guard. The readiness with which you have assumed these additional responsibilities and your willingness to devote your time to their proper discharge set a high example to us all.

Our country is at war with a most formidable enemy for the preservation of those ideals of freedom and the free institutions which are essential to the democratic way of life. We are now at a critical stage in the war. The road we have yet to travel may be long and beset with difficulties. But with complete faith in our cause and with the knowledge that our country's strength is rapidly increasing we are certain that victory will ultimately crown our efforts. The efforts of you who are serving in the Home Guard are a notable contribution to the accomplishment of that victory. The Home Guard was formed a year ago when the Battle of France was going badly and it was clear that our country might have to be defended on our own soil. That emergency has not yet come about, but the danger is still present. The respite given to us has, however, been fully exploited by the Home Guard.

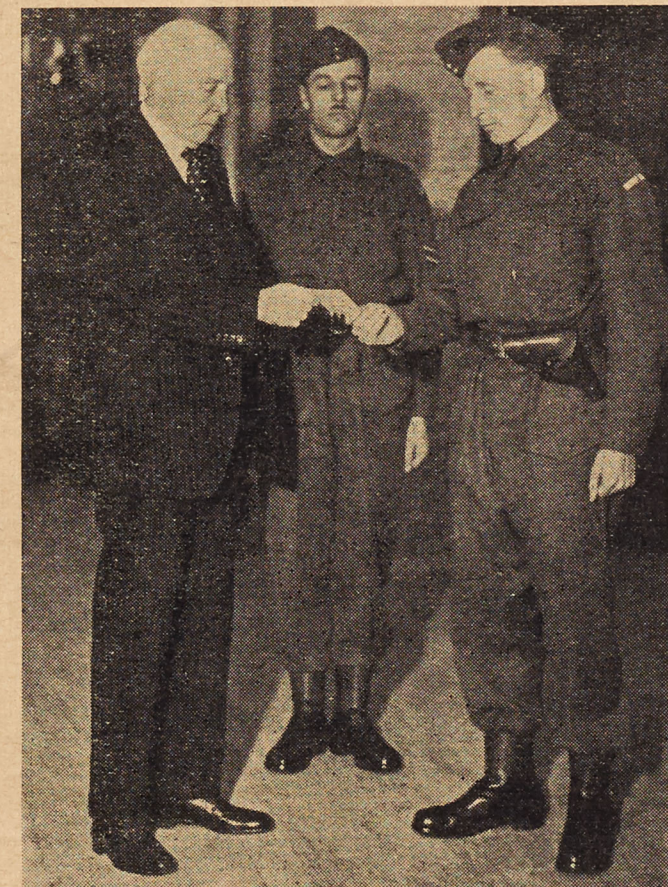
The intensive training of the past year and the improvements in organization and equipment which have been effected have enabled the Home Guard to become what it is to-day, a well-trained military force capable of co-operating effectively with the Field Army and other branches of H.M. Forces. I know what the response of the members of the Board's Unit will be should it ever be necessary to call upon them to take part in the defence of London. Your present proficiency and your conduct and bearing during the testing period since the intensive air raids commenced, make it evident that the members of the unit will perform their allotted tasks worthily, and more than justify the confidence their friends have in them.

There is another aspect of the work of the Home Guard which should, I think, receive emphasis. The Home Guard is essentially a democratic organization. By the disciplined devotion to a common cause it instils, by the qualities of resolution and courage it demands from every member and by the opportunities it affords for getting to know one's fellows, service in the Force must of necessity have a permanent value and enable you better to play your part in the tremendous task which will confront the Nation at the conclusion of the war when we come to build up a more stable and happier world and to rehabilitate our own land.

In this task we do well to remember that we of London Transport will have to take a leading part, for out of the present destruction there must emerge a new and vastly improved London. Meanwhile, the job at hand demands and receives our whole attention. It must be dealt with satisfactorily before we can turn to the work of reconstruction.

I cannot let this anniversary pass without paying tribute to your womenfolk at home. Their cheerfulness, encouragement and forbearance have contributed in no small measure to the success of the Unit and must receive more than formal acknowledgment; I should like them to know therefore that in congratulating you we congratulate them also.

Each and everyone of you has my best wishes.



A challenge for the Chairman. Home Guards examine Lord Ashfield's identity card

Ashfield

EDITORIAL NOTE

IN this issue we celebrate the first birthday of London Transport Home Guard, and I hope you like the verses specially written in your honour which appear in the next column.

The less I write, the more space there will be for others, but I would like to hear from some of you just what you think of the paper. And if those aren't the words of a brave man, what are?

HORSE AND CART!

THIS has not, strictly speaking, anything to do with the Battalion, but it is worth recording. One of our Battalion Headquarters (female) staff went down into the country during a recent week-end and met a soldier wearing shoulder titles bearing the letters "H.A.C." "What does 'H.A.C.' stand for?" asked she. "Guess," said he. There followed a slight pause, then came the totally unexpected answer "Horse and Cart."

Anyone who knows the origin, history and profound dignity of the Honourable Artillery Company will appreciate the stupendous shock thus innocently administered to a member of that doyen of regiments.

It may seem surprising, but the lady returned to us quite unharmed, which only goes to prove that the gentility, forbearance and morale of the Honourable Artillery Company to-day is not less than it was in the days of our forefathers.

OUR BIRTHDAY PARADE

THE first anniversary of the formation of London Transport's Home Guard Unit was reached on May 28th—on June 7th a Unit parade was held to mark the occasion. The parade, which included men from all London Transport Battalions, was inspected by Brigadier J. W. Whitehead, C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.C., Commander Home Guard, London District, who was accompanied by Lord Ashfield, Colonel A. H. Symons and Colonel E. T. Brook.

It was a brave array, and very different from that day, nearly a year ago, when Lord Ashfield inspected our Unit in its infancy. Lt.-Col. Mawby, C.B.E., T.D., was in charge of the parade, and as a piece of organization it was first class.

As a parade, it was also first class. There was nothing of the part-time soldier about these men—at the inspection they stood straight as ramrods—steady as rocks—no

SOME BABY

Though we're but a year old maybe,
You have never yet I know,
Seen a finer, tougher baby,
One more full of guts and go.
And though some of us seemed flustered
With our broomsticks on parade,
Men who are as keen as mustard
Quickly learn a soldier's trade.

Trainbands, fencibles and suchlike,
Volunteers in sober grey,
These in former times were much like
What the Home Guard is to-day;
But each stout old tyrant-hater
Would have whistled loud and long
Had he heard we should be later
Rolling up a million strong.

Does poor Adolf, though he's barmy
Think to gain his heart's desire
And to down the British Army
Backed by us in every shire?
We can promise when we proudly
Meet the invaders' fierce attack
Face to face, the land will loudly
Echo to the sounding smack.

Touchstone

SAFETY FIRST!

SEEN at Bisley, proving truth is stranger than fiction. A Sergt. Instructor lying in front of a Volunteer who had missed the target every time was testing him with an Aiming Disc and waiting very impatiently for Volunteer to press the trigger. After a while the Sergt. bellowed: "Come on man, press the trigger!" The man thereupon reluctantly laid his rifle down and said: "I mustn't Sergeant, it's LOADED!"

HEADQUARTERS CALLING

THE Board's Unit of the Home Guard completed its first year on May 28th. During this year much has been done by those connected with this Unit. There has been a great deal of uphill work, especially in the early days, but it was faced by all concerned in the way one would expect, and now that the year has been completed, I think we can all say that the Unit has reached a high standard of efficiency, and is a credit to everyone of its members. There is still much to be done, and there will necessarily be a considerable call on your time, especially in connection with training and instruction, but I know you are all prepared to devote the time which is necessary, not only to continue in an efficient state, but steadily to increase the efficiency of the whole unit.

The parade which was held on June 7th was a great success and a credit not only to those who attended it, but also to all those members who were unable to be present, and I know you appreciated Brigadier Whitehead's action in carrying out the inspection and also the fact that Lord Ashfield, your Chairman, was present.

I want to take this opportunity of thanking all ranks for what they have done in the past, and to say how much I appreciate their having made such a success of the Unit and I wish all the best of luck in the future.

E. T. Brook.

BRIGADIER WHITEHEAD TAKES THE SALUTE

swaying—no shifting feet. At the march-past they went by with a swing that was a joy to watch—and in this they were assisted by the playing of our own Band. This was the Band's first public appearance—and a most creditable one too. Congratulations, bandmen all!

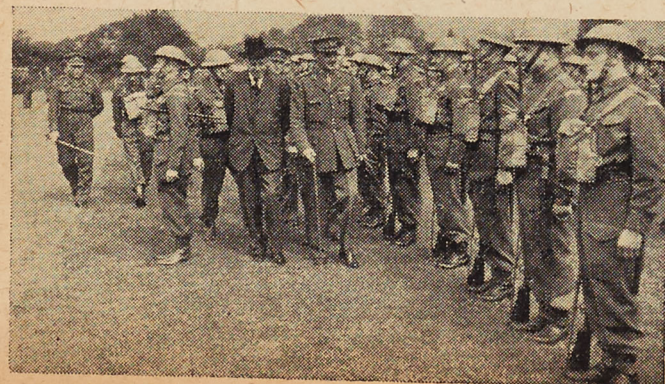
After the march-past the parade was addressed by the Brigadier and Lord Ashfield.

Ever thoughtful for his men, General Whitehead remarked that as it looked like rain and he did not want them to get wet, he would be brief.

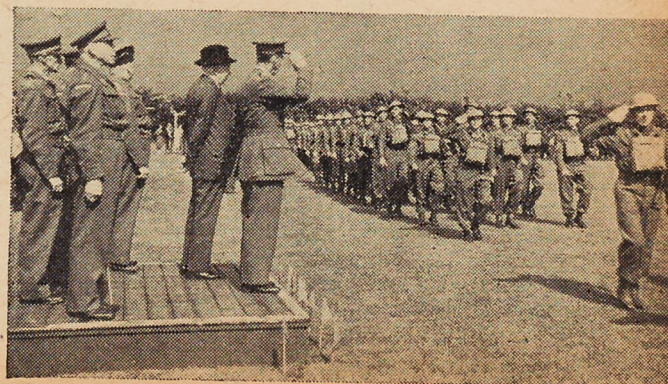
He congratulated officers and men on

their turn out, and said that if some people had their doubts, let them look at these men, armed, equipped, and ready to fight whenever the call might come.

Lord Ashfield, referring to the first birthday of our unit, said that twelve months was a very short time in which to make a volunteer force into an effective military unit, but it had been done by the perseverance, enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of every member. The Chairman and his colleagues on the Board, took great pride in this achievement. After referring briefly to the first parade, a year ago, Lord Ashfield expressed his confidence in the ability of the Home Guard to play a vital and decisive part in the complete destruction of the invader. In conclusion he thanked General Whitehead for coming, and for the interest he had always shown in the Board's Unit.



General Whitehead and Lord Ashfield inspecting men of the 46th Battalion



With the Chairman beside him General Whitehead takes the

BATTALION NEWS

41st BATTALION

ONE of our Companies took part with the local Home Guard in a tactical exercise one Sunday. The exercise was designed to test a fortified line to the North of London, and our Company was responsible for the defence of that part of the Board's railway which cuts through this line.

We have a beautiful "pill-box" of our own which we manned in a very fierce and business-like manner leaving a party to guard the tank barrier, with reserves in the offing. Our first excitement came at about 11.30 when Coy. Sergt.-Major Thompson made the first capture—the prisoner appeared in some awe of the naked bayonet which a zealous guard presented to those portions of his anatomy which offered themselves. However, he settled down philosophically to his sandwiches and we resumed our watch of anticipated line of attack. It was not long before another prisoner was added to our bag; obviously scouts whose capture would be inconvenient to the enemy.

Round about 12.30 the excitement became intense; steel helmets could be seen bobbing about all over the landscape. One of our sentries dodged under the boundary fence and "poached" on the Local's territory. After some minutes of furious signalling from the pill-box he challenged several enemy to "come out" but although they had been gassed (they forgot to put on their masks) and were under machine gun fire from our fortress at point-blank range, with true British spirit they refused to die or even surrender until an umpire appeared from under cover and routed out a party of about thirty enemy, whom he marched off, together with our sentry, and we were left guessing as to who was prisoner and who captor, but as our men reappeared after about ten minutes and the "enemy" lined up very crestfallen outside U. D Station we assumed we had the verdict.

Strategically, our pill-box is very well placed—the "Pig and Whistle" is within 100 yards, with the approach well under cover from the enemy, so we were able to send out "water" bearers for the means to wash down the rations we had brought with us.

After this wholesale capture of prisoners the attack in our vicinity petered out and we received the "Stand down" earlier than anticipated. We were therefore able to make a flanking movement to the "Pig and Whistle" where a good time was had by all.

42nd BATTALION

"SEVEN rounds application, in your own time, commence!" Eight men settle down.

No time this for competition nerves. Each man, selected to represent his platoon in the Acton Battalion Competition and knowing that every shot can secure seven points towards victory, takes aim—fires! Six more shots, each following its predecessor, it is hoped, into the same hole in the centre of the black.

"Seven rounds application, etc.!" The opposing eight, with deadly intent, endeavour to secure that extra point.

One team must lose and the losers pay for ammunition.

Eight men settle up!

The first Battalion Competition Shoot in London Transport Home Guard Unit has just been completed.

The Final was held on Thursday, 15th May, and the results were:—

55 Broadway 446 points
Stanmore 418
Neasden 410

The winning team was:—

Captain F. J. Rose (Team Captain)
Sergeant W. G. Braham
J. G. Gerrard
L/Cpl. F. S. Callan
A. L. Moseley
Vol. H. R. Drew
W. H. Josslyn
F. C. Keemer.

Their average age is over 40 years. Now then, it is up to the younger men to look to their laurels!

The success of the competition was due, in no small measure, to the assistance and guidance of the Range Officer and Instructors at Baker Street, whose untiring efforts are deeply appreciated.

43rd BATTALION

ANOTHER Sunday parade which was rather poorly attended was held for the purpose of field training. Although the parade was not up to our usual standard a very good morning's work was got through. The objective was a very difficult one to attack, as it was well defended both by armaments and by natural surroundings. We came up against waterways, wet ground and very open country across which it would have been almost impossible for troops to advance when covered by enemy fire. Also there was lack of cover from aircraft. I am afraid this post would have been a very tough nut to crack.

I am pleased to say that we are now making headway in other things such as bayonet drill and bomb throwing, and I am sure that all ranks will take a keen interest in these.

We had a very good muster for night operations and proved that we could do quite well should we ever be needed at night. I should like to say that I think even our own leaders were surprised at the way it was carried out by the rank and file.



Col. A. W. M. Mawby, O.B.E., T.D.

44th BATTALION

Leatherhead Platoon is now going strong and considerable interest is being taken. Our Sergt.-Major has arranged with the local unit facilities at several nearby localities for training and some of the Canadian boys are giving valuable instruction.

Recently we have been very busy with the rifle. Corporal Paine spent a considerable amount of his time giving instruction on the Browning and was appreciated by all volunteers. A few weeks ago the garage staff challenged the outside staff to a shooting competition and they won by a good margin, but a few days later the drivers and conductors got their own back.

Our Quartermaster is doing a good job of work endeavouring to get the awkward squad fitted—if only someone would ask for a size 17 he would be pleased!

A few Sundays ago at 4.30 a.m. the section was holding a road block against the local unit, when suddenly out of the dark came the attacking party. Our lads tried hard to hold the position, but by sheer weight of numbers they were pushed on one side, and away went the locals. Next time a different tale will be told, we shall not be caught napping.

Bisley has been visited and some good results were shown, especially by L/Cpl. McCormack who took away the prize put up by our Platoon Sergt.-Major.

WITH the coming of the long summer evenings it is the intention of Platoon Commander Jennings to have a double guard at Bromley. The guard will in future be mounted and changed in regimental order, and the first drill covering this was carried out at Yeomanry House recently.

On Monday, April 28th, we had the mournful duty of escorting the body of our late comrade in arms, Vol. Saunders, who passed away after a long and painful illness. His passing will be mourned by all old Tilling members. An unarmed escort of fifty escorted the cortege to St. Paul's Church, Orpington, where the service was held. A bearer party of six carried the coffin into the Church. The escort again formed up with the cortege in Orpington High Street, and marched to Orpington Cemetery where the interment took place. A floral tribute from our platoon rested on the flag-draped coffin.

Well attended lectures are now in full swing embracing Gas Drill, Bombing (both Molotov and Mills), Machine Gun, including Lewis and Vickers, the latest of the Gun classes being with the Thompson (Tommy) Sub Machine Gun. A small class is being formed to take up map reading.

MAY 7TH was a red-letter day for London. "G"-men (sorry, H.G. men) from Sutton took the Wild West End by surprise and appeared at Baker Street at 9 a.m. causing quite a sensation.

As the Head H.G. led the column, his two new pips and cane caused quite a commotion amongst the A's and Wrens encountered on the way!

This assault on the Baker Street range was carried out in proper Wild West style, and the Yankee Cowboys, "G"-men and film gangsters will have to look to their laurels!!

On arrival the first assault was made on the Instructor; fancy him trying to tell us which was our "good eye"—as if we didn't know! Later, when putting us through our paces, he again tried to tell us which was our left and which was our right, evidently

(Continued on page 4, col. 2)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"BEAU BRUMMELL," BARKING. No, it is not correct to wear alpaca boots with battle dress.

"OLD BOY," BRIXTON. It is not permissible, even for officers, to wear the old school tie when in uniform.

"WORRIED," LONDON. Having, while on duty in the dark, asked your boss who the blankety-blank-blank-blank he thought he was, under the impression that he was the office boy snooping about, the best thing you can do is join the army.

"PERPLEXED," ROMFORD. No, sir, the fact that your wife is frequently to be found on duty by the front door, fully armed, when you return home at night, does not entitle her to wear Home Guard uniform.

"PHILANTHROPIST," HAMPSTEAD. It was very kind of you to offer for publication your perfect system for backing winners, free of all charge. My confidence in it was, however, somewhat destroyed by the receipt of a bookmaker's circular from the same address!

HOME GUARDS AT PLAY

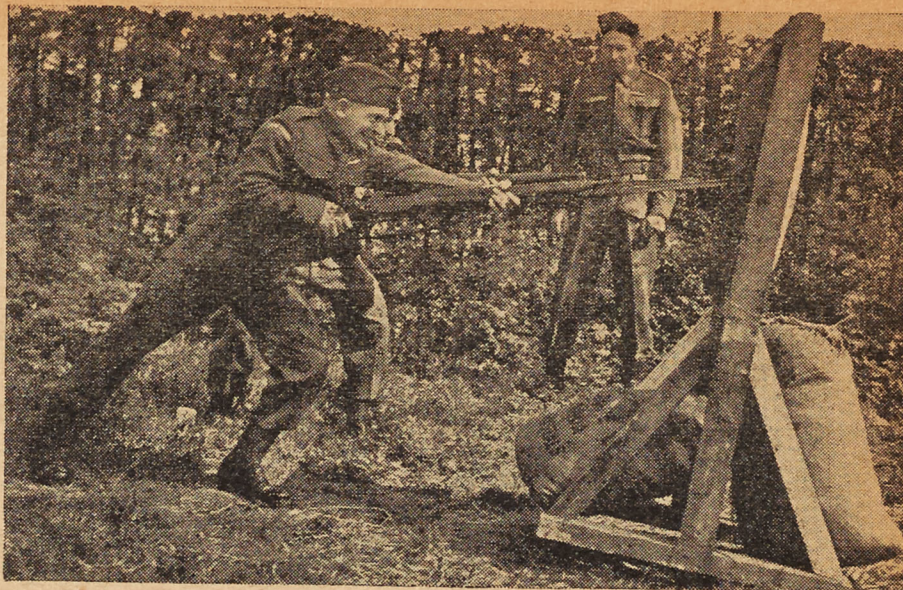
THE first annual dinner was held at the British Legion Hall, Reigate, recently, and was well supported not only by No. 1 Platoon, but also by Volunteers from Dorking, Leatherhead, Godstone and Chelsham.

The Officers in attendance were Major C. E. Ayres, Company Commander (B. Company), Platoon Commanders A. H. Passey, C. Rayner and T. H. Elliott, while the visitors included A. H. Hawkins, Esq., General Manager (Country Buses and Coaches), Col. Dudley Lewis, D.S.O., M.C., Reigate Home Guard, Major T. E. Snow and Capt. R. O. Wilkes.

An excellent non-stop entertainment was provided by the orchestra and Concert Party of a Canadian Regt., and all present expressed cordial appreciation, not only for the evening's entertainment, but also for the opportunity afforded of meeting their colleagues from other Platoons and members of the Canadian Forces.



Colonel Brook takes the salute as men of the 42nd Battalion go swinging past headed by the Band of the Grenadier Guards. With Col. Brook are Mr. and Mrs. V. A. M. Robertson and Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Thomas



Platoon Commander Cowan shows how it should be done—judging by the look on his face, it might be Adolf himself at the end of that bayonet

(Continued from page 3, col. 3)

he doesn't know the Sutton men! (some are built differently like American cars), and, anyway, what does it matter which way we turn so long as we shoot the right way! (As shown by the fact that somebody managed to bump off the Instructor!!)

We all sympathized with him, but after all he made a better target than the bull, and he should supply a bigger one, then we could all hit it! Sutton then retired unscathed, leaving the one casualty—Oh, I forgot, a direct hit was obtained on an important part of the range—the table—right bang in the middle!

The shooting was good, and on our next visit, we hope to do even better; maybe we shall be able to obtain a direct hit on the target, maybe even score a bull.

ONE Saturday in May members of Camberwell Garage visited Headquarters of Chertsey Home Guard for a challenge match on the rifle range. We were given a great welcome by Captain Williams and his team, and were duly beaten, our hosts winning by 1,138 points to 1,123 points.

We hope, in the near future, to welcome the winners to Camberwell for a return match.

45th BATTALION

THE Home Guards of Clapham Tram Depot held a Dance at the Balham Labour Hall and spent quite an enjoyable evening. During the evening a presentation of Sam Brown belts was made to both Platoon

Commander C. Ward and Second-in-Command H. Taylor, by Sergt. Sinclair, the band leader, on behalf of the boys of the Platoon in appreciation of duties performed by them.

The band of six men was formed entirely of Home Guards from Clapham Depot.

ONE Sunday in April field operations were carried out by "T" Transport Battalion. Hanwell Garage Platoon held a position which was attacked by several other platoons of the Board's unit.

All ranks entered into the spirit of the operations and thoroughly enjoyed themselves in spite of the rain which made the crawling about in the grass rather uncomfortable. Similar operations were carried out a few Sundays later, but under better conditions, the same platoons taking part.

46th BATTALION

FINCHLEY platoon held another of their very successful Dance Cabarets on Thursday, 22nd May.

The Finchley Depot Dance Band made their first appearance in these series of dances and the floor was crowded for each item.

Company Quartermaster Sergt. R. Ashton made an efficient M.C.

In a short speech Col. E. T. Brook expressed his satisfaction with the Board's unit and explained some of the past difficulties which had been overcome. The Colonel also thanked the ladies for the support they were giving to the Home Guard movement.

The dances are to be continued monthly throughout the summer under Compère Vol. L. Brown's directorship.

STONEBRIDGE PARK Trolleybus Depot was visited on Wednesday, 21st May, by Colonel A. Symons, C.M.G., 2nd in Command, London District.

Colonel Symons was accompanied by Col. E. T. Brook and Lt.-Col. A. W. Mawby, and they were given the General Salute by a Guard of Honour (2nd Lt. J. Pile, Guard Commander).

The party were escorted round the Depot by Lt.-Col. A. J. Coucher, Hounslow Battn. Commander, Major A. J. Barker, his 2nd in command, Major W. Small, Commander "A" Company, and Capt. F. H. Alder, Commander, Stonebridge Park Platoon.

Col. Symons inspected the Guard Room, Stores and witnessed squad training.

Before leaving the depot he expressed his satisfaction with all he had seen.



THE HOME GUARD

SUPPLEMENT TO PENNYFARE

NO. 22
(WAR SERIES)
JULY
1941

COLONEL SYMONS INSPECTS "A" COY., 43rd BTN.

DESPITE the fact that it meant coming up to London early on Sunday and leaving his country home, Colonel A. H. Symons, C.M.G., honoured "A" Coy., 43rd Battalion, by inspecting them one Sunday morning.

The parade took place in a sports field kindly loaned by the L.M.S., and Colonel Hussey and Lt.-Col. Ford of the L.M.S. Unit were among the Officers who accompanied Colonel Symons on his inspection.

Col. Symons was greeted on his arrival by Col. E. T. Brook, Lt.-Col. Mawby, Lt.-Col. Cleary and Major Peaty.

Before the inspection took place, the company marched up the road and on to the field, accompanied by our Home Guard Band, and a grand sight it was. These men, always smart, marched better than ever to the tune of the band.

When Col. Symons and accompanying Officers arrived at the entrance to the field, a particularly smart Guard presented arms. Col. Symons inspected the Guard, chatting with one or two of the men, and then moved on to the inspection of the main body, who presented arms while the band played the General Salute.

He was introduced to Major Woodward, Commanding "A" Coy., who accompanied him on his tour.

The men were very well turned out and very steady on parade. In fact, they were a great credit to their Company Commander and he was obviously proud of them.

Col. Symons spoke to many of the men, and he has a pleasant manner of putting a man at his ease. Each time he spotted a decoration for gallantry, he stopped and asked a question. In one of the photographs you see him speaking to Corporal Woodroffe. "Where did you get it?" the Colonel asked the Corporal, tapping the ribbon of the Military Medal on the Corporal's chest. "Paschendale, Sir" was the answer. The Colonel nodded without speaking. That name will be remembered for all time in the British Army.

All this time the Band had been playing martial music in a fairly subdued tone, but now, with the Colonel back at the saluting base, the bugles blared and the march past began.

The Company marched past by platoons in line, a difficult job to do neatly, but they did it well, and a brave sight it was. I mentioned this to a friend of mine,

a corporal in the Welsh Guards. "They are ambitious!" he said, "We've never done that yet, in my company!"

Before the parade was dismissed, both Col. Symons and Col. Brook addressed the men over the microphone. Col. Symons in a brief, but very pointed address, stirred the men with a call to defend their country without thought of surrender, if the time should come. Col. Brook, after thanking Col. Symons for coming, expressed his very real appreciation

of the sacrifices made by the men of our Unit in reaching their present state of efficiency and urged them to continue the good work.

It is, of course, customary for an Inspecting Officer to say that he has enjoyed the inspection, even if he has been bored to tears, but if anyone doubts Col. Symons' sincerity when he said this, let me tell him this. After it was all over, Lt.-Col. Cleary invited Col. Symons to the Officers' Mess. Col. Symons said, "I want to get back to my home in the country. May I?" "Of course, Sir," said Lt.-Col. Cleary, "It was very good of you to come." "It was very well worth it," was the reply, "I am very glad I came."

Definitely it may be said that smartness seems to be the key-word of these men, from highest to lowest. It is noticeable in every movement, in every job. There is nothing lackadaisical about anybody. But it is scarcely surprising, seeing that they come under the command of that very efficient Company Commander, Major J. B. Woodward.

A word of tribute to the Band. They do a lot to

brighten up these occasions for everybody. They provide entertainment for the spectators at times when the inspecting officers are hidden from view, but above all they make things very much pleasanter for the men on parade.

Marching to martial music is much easier than marching without it.

Their appearance at this particular parade was very appropriate as their President is Major J. B. Woodward. Under the leadership of Band-Sergeant Monk they were making their second public appearance and once again proved themselves a first-class band.

Incidentally, there is an article dealing with the Band on page 2 of this issue, and your attention is also called to the announcement concerning photographs, on the same page.



Col. Symons asks Cpl. Woodroffe where he won his Military Medal. "Paschendale" is the reply.

EDITORIAL NOTE

I BELIEVE that many of you are disappointed every month because you do not find anything about your particular platoon in the paper. You will, I am sure, realise that it is quite impossible to mention every platoon. Actually, it is only possible to allow a rather small space to each Battalion, and to print the most interesting items sent in. Our real trouble is the paper control. We cannot increase the size of *The Home Guard* because the Paper Controller will not allow us any more paper.

In making out reports for the paper remember this, often enough one particular happening during an exercise or parade may make much more interesting reading than a brief report of the whole affair.

HOME GUARD
CO-OPERATION

THE Home Guard, or L.D.V., was originally conceived, in those desperately early-summer days of 1940, as an essentially "guerilla" organisation.

Platoon Commander J. Harris of the Merton Platoon has been singularly happy in his acceptance of the policy of co-operation with neighbour units, inasmuch as his neighbour unit, Wimbledon, has contributed without stint to this co-operation.

Merton Home Guards have had thorough, detailed instruction in the taking down, assembly, and use of automatic weapons, as well as invaluable opportunities to attain that unity of action, in conjunction with the Wimbledon personnel, which is so essential to efficient mass co-operation in modern military operations. It has, incidentally, been interesting to observe the reactions of individual members, not only at Merton, but throughout the movement, to the originally tentative, but now whole-hearted directing of a certain proportion of time and effort to foot and rifle drill—"ceremonial stuff!" as it was first contemptuously designated. Old Sweats as well as youthful, non ex-service members, have revealed—perhaps a little self-consciously—a certain zest on concerted action drill evolutions; possibly to some extent prompted by an inherently human desire to show the youngsters how to do it.

On parade, in bayonet and bombing practice, as well as in a recent Sunday visit to Bisley, there has been manifest in the men of Merton and Wimbledon that spirit of camaraderie which war seems always to engender in the men to whom the conduct of operations is, in the long run, entrusted, and whose very lives may at any time lay in one another's hands; the spirit which we have lately had so many opportunities to observe in those other front line troops, the Civil Defence Services, and even bomb-harassed civilians.

Apart from rank and file co-operation, full value has been given by Platoon Commander Harris, and the commanding officers of the Wimbledon Unit, to the essential staff work which must underlie and give coherence to all co-ordinated effort in the field. Views have been exchanged on all functional considerations, and detailed schemes on concerted action when the occasion arises, have been framed and pigeon-holed (but not forgotten).

Vol. P. H. Jennings

THE BAND

MAJOR J. B. WOODWARD, Officer Commanding "A" Company, 43rd County of London Battalion, was recently appointed President of the Band of the London Transport Unit. Major Woodward undertook the job of forming a band and did a grand job of work.

Under the leadership of Band-Sergeant H. G. Monk, of Willesden Garage, a band of 26 instruments was started and it is hoped that eventually this number will be increased to 60.

Band-Sergeant Monk joined the Army as a Bassoon player at the age of 14½ years, and was already an accomplished musician when he joined London Transport as a Conductor 17 years ago. He is very proud of his Band, and gives up most of his spare time to it. When I talked to him about it the other day he particularly asked me to express his thanks and those of all members of the Band to Lord Ashfield and the



Col. Symons at the microphone addressing men at the conclusion of a parade.

Officers of the Band, who subscribed to the Fund from which the instruments were purchased, and in particular to Col. E. T. Brook for organising the Fund, which made the whole thing possible.

When the Band made its first public appearance at the Birthday Parade at



They shall have music wherever they go. Our own Home Guard Band leading members of the 43rd Battalion to the parade ground.

HEADQUARTERS
CALLING

AS most of you probably know, it is possible to obtain copies of photographs taken by *The Home Guard*. Up till now the charge for this has been 9d. each. Now, by permission of Col. E. T. Brook, it has been arranged that copies shall be sold at the price of 1s. each and the extra 3d. charged will be given to the band fund. It is felt that none of you will object to paying this extra 3d. when it is devoted to such an excellent purpose.

It should be pointed out that this applies not only to photographs that appear in the paper, but also to the other photographs which are taken of parades, etc., but are not actually published.

Applications for copies of photographs should not be made direct to the Editor, but to your Platoon Commander, who will pass on your applications.

The purchase of copies of photographs is restricted to members of the London Transport Unit and supplies are limited.

(Continued from previous column)

Osterley, the first tune they played was that well-known modern number "Let the Band Play". Actually, the music for this was only delivered to the Band when they were in their bus waiting to go to the Parade. When they arrived at the Parade Ground, they were asked if they would provide some music while the battalions were forming up prior to the inspection, and Sergeant Monk decided to try out this number, which the Band had never practised. Those of you who heard them play it on this occasion will agree that it was a very creditable performance, and no one would have suspected that it had not been rehearsed at all.

With regard to the desire of increasing the number of the band, volunteers are required for drums and bugles, as it is hoped to form a special Drum and Bugle section of the Band. If any of you would like to volunteer, get in touch with Band-Sergeant Monk at Willesden Garage.

Finally, a word about the financial side of the business. It is necessary for the Band Fund to be carried on, as the cost of music, repairs to instruments and also the purchase of new instruments will be considerable. To this end, it is hoped to organise a series of Band Concerts in the Board's Canteens during the "dinner hour" etc., when a collection will be made for the Fund, and it is hoped that all of you who enjoy listening to their music will contribute as generously as you can.

BATTALION NEWS

41st BATTALION

We had some useful field exercises recently, and much is always to be gained from such operations. It is true that even Umpires have the greatest difficulty in convincing the "dead" that they are "dead", for there is no man so desirous of entering into argument as a "dead" man on manoeuvres. Sometimes it is admittedly difficult to decide, of course, as for instance when one Volunteer, single-handed, charged a machine-gun Section across an open field, and coolly announced to them when he reached them that they must regard themselves as "dead".

"Dead!" said the L/Cpl. M.G. Section, "dead, indeed!—why man, we riddled you with bullets when you were crossing this field!"

"Impossible," came the astonishing reply, "I'm a tank!"

On the same occasion one of our Companies tried to outwit their opponents by guile—to wit, a "bearded lady," or in other words an N.C.O. in female attire. We are informed that not all of the opposing side were deceived, or at the least were suspicious, even if a little hesitant in challenging the "lady". As one of our Scotsmen remarked, "Yon's a hell of a wench!" Which shows that either he was suspicious or that his mind was not on his work!

Those who attended the recent Parade at Osterley as onlookers will agree that it was a very creditable performance. The very little opportunity that the 41st Battalion, especially, has of drilling even a platoon together at any one place and time (owing to its extreme distribution) did not seem evident on Parade even to those of us who went to look on at the show with a critical eye.

The Battalion's Social side is steadily developing. A, B, & C Companies have all held dances within recent weeks.

NOTE:—To stop your leather belt sagging when weighted down by bayonet or revolver, sew a button on the belt of your blouse (one on the left side and one on the right side) in the same relative position as the buttons of the two side belt-straps on your trousers then button each side belt-strap of your trousers on to the new button on each side of your blouse-belt.

42nd BATTALION

HOME GUARDS and Regulars took part in recent night operations not far from 55 Broadway, and No. 21 Platoon was afforded the opportunity of joining in the manoeuvres. In the early hours of the morning the telephone bell rang in the Guard Room and, within a few minutes, our squad was mustered and on their way to the rendezvous. Followed a march in complete silence through the deserted thoroughfares of the West End and, when nearing the "battle area", whispered commands sent various machine-gun sections to their stations, the main body proceeding to take up their defensive positions by a secret method of infiltration through "blitzed" houses. Holding on to the man in front, to avoid losing touch in the darkness, in and out of shadowy passages, stumbling up and down stairways, picking a precarious way through piles of debris and, out in the open once again, peering into the darkness and imagining an enemy lurking in every bush and corner, fearful of advertising our presence by creating the

slightest noise, we eventually succeeded in establishing ourselves in position.

We regretfully had to put a platoon of the regulars under temporary arrest (20 minutes) as they marched past us in close order to take up position, but without having obtained the password before leaving their H.Q. Their surprise was complete because they came to take up our positions, being unaware of the fact that we were already established at the post.

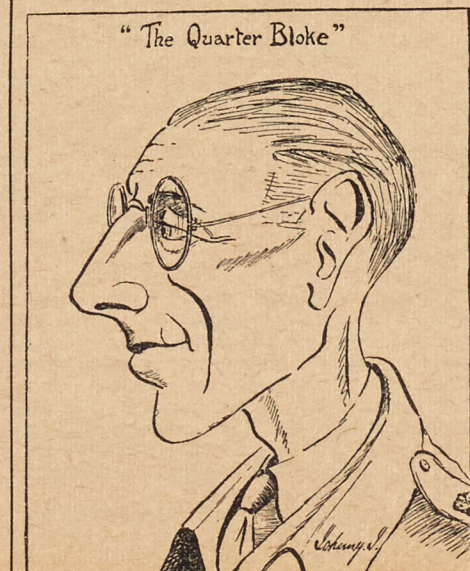
A period of waiting and watching, a scout here, a runner there, a small patrol, contacts to the flanks, etc., etc., the breaking of the dawn and, finally, the end of the exercise, followed by tea and buns from a mobile canteen and—back to the office to commence the day's work.

OUR INTREPID ARTIST

A WORD about Corporal Jack Strong, of the 42nd Battalion, who is responsible for our picture of "The Quarter Bloke".

A short while ago our worthy Corporal might have been seen—by a very keen observer, that is—covered with camouflage netting and disguised as a haystack, moving slowly about H.Q. with the cumbersome gait that one would expect of a haystack. (As an artist he has an eye for detail.) The reason for this apparently strange behaviour was the necessity of getting a good look at the Quarter Bloke from close quarters, without being observed, for the latter is a shy creature, very averse to being sketched, and on a previous occasion he had suddenly charged the corporal, scattering him in all directions.

Luckily, the haystack disguise was completely successful as you can see below, but a previous attempt failed lamentably. On this occasion our artist disguised himself as an outside battledress and draped himself over a chair, but no sooner had his intended victim seen him than he found himself neatly folded on a shelf in the stores. And you'd never believe what the Quarter Bloke said next morning when he entered the stores with a very large gentleman to whom he was saying: "Fit you out, my dear chap? Of course I can"—and found nothing but a half-starved and very bad tempered Corporal who was unable to explain his presence.



Major W. Saville

In operations of this magnitude it is not possible to comprehend the meaning or result of all phases of the manoeuvres, but the tactics employed in the small part we had to play were a lesson to every man. The credit for the success of our particular defences goes to the officer commanding the local unit to which we are attached who, not for the first time, has given No. 21 Platoon an experience which will serve them well when the "balloon goes up".

44th BATTALION

RECENTLY our Platoon Commander arranged for the showing of a Ministry of Information film to a mixed audience of 200. We all found it very interesting, and it was greatly appreciated by everybody.

Ten of our Platoon turned out for Bexley Heath War Weapons Week. The parade was a great success, particularly the march past, which gained a great many new recruits for the local units.

All of us who went to spend a Sunday at Bisley will remember a most enjoyable day, and we hope before long that our Platoon Commander will be able to arrange another visit for us. Vol. Harmer, D.S.M., was our top scorer.

* * *

IT must be encouraging to all our members at Addlestone Garage to learn that it is now possible for N.C.O.'s to undergo a week's intensive training at the Guards' Barracks, Windsor.

In effect this means that one N.C.O. will be relieved from his normal duties each week, when he will receive instruction in the following subjects:

Field Operations—this covers several subjects and is very interesting; the first thing learned is how to take advantage of cover and examples are given of how not to advance and then how to do it.

Then comes attack and defence of strong points such as Road Blocks, etc. Demonstrations are given of both by specially trained demonstration squads, and concluded by instruction in street fighting.

Further instruction is given on automatic weapons, bombs, grenades, etc.

After completion of their training N.C.O.'s will in turn instruct Volunteers when normal duties permit.

Many of us spent an enjoyable afternoon at Bisley recently on the 200 yards range. Considering that 50 per cent of us had not fired on a range before, some not even having fired a shot, our Platoon Commander assured us that the result of the final competition shoot was extremely good; in fact we all would have passed our efficiency tests—with the exception of Volunteer—who, I must admit, gave those of us that were marking at the time some very anxious moments when he missed the target altogether and his fire rattled the corrugated roof over our heads!

Those of us who attended field exercises in Windsor Park, will not forget it in a hurry as no sooner had we debussed when it poured heavens hard with rain and continued throughout the operations; nevertheless, those present really got a kick out of it.

These field exercises are to be made available in future every Sunday for those who can attend.

In conclusion and on behalf of all H.G. members at Addlestone, may we congratulate Mr George (Traffic Staff) on receiving His Majesty's Commission, as our Section Commander. I am sure he has the confidence and respect of all ranks.

46th BATTALION

FINCHLEY Platoon held another of their successful concerts in St. Kilda's Hall on Thursday, 12th June, Vol. L. Brown being responsible for all arrangements.

Lt.-Col. A. J. Couch, M.C., D.C.M., Major Barker, with Capt. J. Camerson, Capt. L. H. Frooms of "A" Company and Capt. Carron of "B" Company and their ladies were present.

Music was supplied by the Finchley Trolleybus Depot Dance Band with Miss Carrie Franklin as vocalist.

The proceeds were in aid of the Mobile Kitchen Fund for the Troops.

There will be another concert on July 25th in aid of the K.R.R. Corps, Prisoners of War Fund, which will be held in the Congregational Church Hall, East Finchley (Corner of East End Road).

GATECRASHERS!

SUNDAY, June 29th, was a red-letter day for the Home Guards of the 16th County of London and 20th County of London Battalions.

A full-scale operation was carried out between the two Battalions in the damaged area of the London "Square Mile" and for the purpose the area concerned was closed to the public and to vehicular traffic from 10.0 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

As notification of the event was not given until the day preceding the operation, very few people were aware of it.

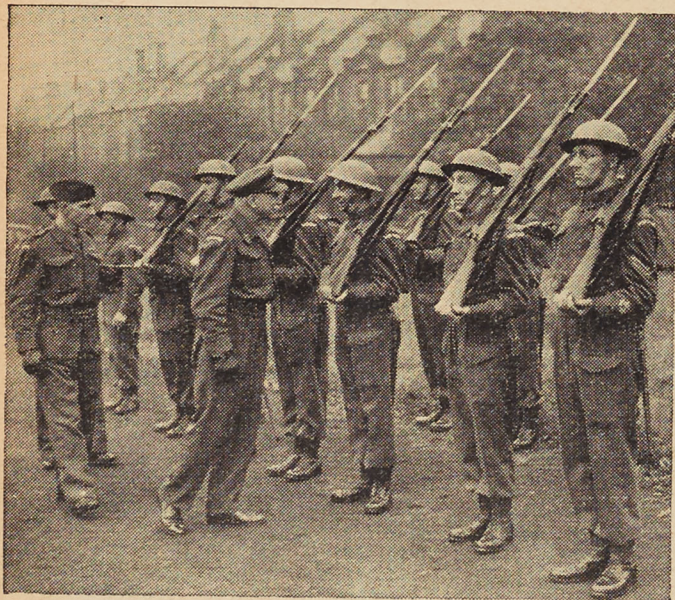
It occurred to two of the officers of the 46th Battalion that useful lessons could be

(Continued in next column)

learned from observation, but owing to the short time at their disposal, it was obviously out of the question to obtain permission to attend. So Major J. C. Malster and Captain F. Carron decided to test their luck. Keeping around the perimeter, they soon discovered that the defenders were fully alive to their job, and they would neither give permission to enter nor disclose the password in spite of the fact that Military Identity Cards and passes were shown to the Officers in order to prove that the reason for desiring entry was purely to gain experience.

All this is to the credit of the defenders, and the chances of Fifth Column activities were very remote.

There was only one alternative left, so our Major and Captain effected an entrance through a damaged building and for a few minutes managed to walk about unchal-



Accompanied by Lt.-Col. Cleary, Col. Symons inspects the Guard at a parade of "A" Coy., 43rd Battalion.



Members of the winning team in the 42nd Battalion inter-platoon rifle competition. Capt. Rose is holding the cup.

Pity the Poor Platoon Commander

WORK like hell, my lads, and don't worry, then one day you may be a Platoon Commander and have ALL the worry.

Not original, but apt in describing the cares of the officer concerned.

When I survey the results achieved by this responsible person, I am frankly amazed. To be able to take over a group of men of all grades and varying experience, from old soldiers from every branch of the army, to naval and air men, some with war experience, others from peace-time service, many with no previous experience whatever, to say nothing of the various ages, and mould them together into a capable fighting unit, would appear to be an almost impossible task. Such, however, has been accomplished. Much of the credit must surely go to the Volunteers themselves for their appreciation of the difficulties involved and their realisation of the issue at stake. But, the worry of it all must obviously be with the officer. The correct perspective of the Home Guard movement, faith in the men under his command, patience, tact, initiative and perseverance during the trying times when equipment was lacking, were surely among the least of his attributes? I recall a quotation something to this effect.

Big fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and smaller fleas still smaller fleas and so *ad infinitum*.

From the senior officers down to the junior officers this appeared to me to sum up the situation when lack of equipment was our principal worry.

When are we going to get this?

When are we going to get that?

What platoon commander did not get these queries a dozen times a day? And what platoon commander did not pass them up a stage higher? Fancy the nightmare of the officer at the top. I can now forgive the senior officer who greeted me thus—"Good morning, Mr. — DON'T MENTION HATS TO ME." But I *did* mention hats and put the "lid" on it completely.

However, with the passing of the "lousy" period, went the necessity for "scratching" and now that platoons are equipped the platoon commander is coming into his own and such moments as we experience now with Volunteers fully dressed and armed and as keen as mustard are full compensation for all the worries of the past few months. Thanks to all those who did not shoot the pianist because they realised that he was doing his best.

Looking back, however, I find that things were not so bad after all, and many months have been passed in fostering a comradeship for which I am grateful.

Blank File

lenged among snipers and machine-guns.

Eventually an enterprising Sergeant-Major took an interest in the intruders, and, with a couple of men, apprehended them. His plea to them not to start any rough stuff had almost a note of appeal in it, but after one glance at his tough frame our Officers hastened to assure him that they would go quietly. So our adventurers were blindfolded and led away amid the clicking of press cameras.

At Headquarters somewhere underground, they were interrogated by Intelligence Officers, and then treated to tea and cigarettes, a weakness we all seem to have with prisoners. Eventually they were interviewed by the Officer Commanding, to whom they explained the object of their ruse.

After that they were given every facility to make notes and observations and were even conducted to a point of vantage on the roof from which they were able to see, the whole operation.

Major Malster and Captain Carron wish to record their gratitude for the hospitality of the Officers of the 20th County of London Batn., and their appreciation of the facilities granted. Much valuable data regarding street fighting was obtained, and this will be of great service to us in similar schemes.

SHENVAL PRESS



THE HOME GUARD

SUPPLEMENT TO PENNYFARE

NO. 23
(WAR SERIES)
AUGUST
1941

PARADE FOR FREEDOM!

ARE YOU A CARD MEMBER?

IN the May issue of *The Home Guard* my letter under the title "Danger is our Opportunity" was an appeal for recruits. It is now my ambition to appeal to all who have signed as volunteers in the Home Guard to endeavour to attend parades as often as possible. There are quite a number who have never been on a parade. It is to these men that I want to appeal. They are all comrades of those who do attend parades, and we are anxious to welcome everyone and as far as is possible make every parade 100 per cent. I know that for most of us duties are irregular, but it is the same for attenders and non-attenders alike.

I feel certain that I am correct in saying that everyone of us who volunteered and joined the Home Guard did so because his conscience told him that although our Old Island is not all we could wish it to be, there is no other place in the World to compare with it. I have got my wireless on while I am writing this and Sandy Macpherson is giving his programme for relatives and friends of the Forces in the Near East. A child has just been speaking to her Daddy. Now comrades, it is to this child and all our children that the outcome of this War means so much. As members of the Home Guard we are able to return to our homes after parades. But the father of the child mentioned above and hundreds of thousands like him cannot, and may not ever do so again. Now are we going to be card members only and let them down? No, we are not. I know that you like myself can always find a job to do at home, but I ask myself "Which is more important—the home job or the Home Guard?" The Home Guard wins. We can do the home job after we have got Hitler and his Vipers where we want them. So let's get cracking and make the Home Guard our main ambition. Let our parades be 100 per cent.

in both attendance and discipline. Don't let the regular attenders point any one of us out as a card member only. Don't let our brothers and friends who are away feel that we are letting them down. Let us keep Dunkirk and Crete in mind

and do our best to avenge these by backing our pals up for all we are worth. Bear in mind the wonderful spirit shown to us by our women. Have they let us down? No, they have set us an example, and proved to us that they are made of something tougher than ever we dared believe. Have you not seen them working in our factories, shops and on our buses, while mothers keep our homes going during the heaviest Air Raids, and perform their duties without showing any fear. Now, my friends, if we neglect our parades we are letting these splendid women down. It is not enough to say that you are ready if and when the time comes, because if you do not train, you are not ready. You are willing, yes, but not ready. Methods used in the war of 1914-1918 are almost useless to-day. About the only thing that is the same is discipline, and this must never be allowed to slacken. On parade we ask for 100 per cent discipline and get it. As a sergeant and a lover of discipline I expect to get it, nearly good enough does not suit me. I ask for and get the best out of my men, and they express their appreciation afterwards by

telling me how much they have enjoyed their work. I can honestly say that I feel proud of the men of my Platoon. Now all who have not yet attended, and those who seldom attend parades, make every endeavour to do so and take an active part in your Platoon. It would be most encouraging to all concerned to see a real bumper parade. Don't let anything deter you, come along and see for yourselves what you are missing.

J. W. COOKE 16599



This photograph was taken on a Sunday morning. It shows members of the 41st Battalion practising the use of a field telephone while wearing gas masks. These men are giving up their leisure to the Home Guard. In the article on this page a sergeant of the 46th Battalion appeals to all members of the Board's Unit to give all the time they can to training and attending parades.

EDITORIAL

CHEERFUL GROUSERS

It is a curious thing that in the regular Army Tommy always grouses about parades and the like, while Home Guards are so full of enthusiasm for the same thing that frequently the trouble is to fit in the number of men who want to give up a Sunday to going to Bisley, attending a parade or taking part in an exercise. The really odd thing about it is that many of these enthusiasts are ex-soldiers who did their fair share of grumbling in the old days. I suppose it is just part of our National character—we grumble at what we must do and work like the devil at some voluntary task. An officer of the Board's Unit remarked the other day that some of his men were beginning to grouse—but, of course, still carrying on. "It's a good sign," he said. "It means they really consider themselves soldiers, not just volunteers."

One of the things which has amazed many people is the very high standard of efficiency which the Home Guard have reached by their spare-time training. The Mayor of Edmonton told me recently, at a function reported elsewhere in this issue, that a well-known R.A.F. officer recently attended a parade with him and was astonished at the smartness of the men. The Mayor himself was loud in the praise of the London Transport Home Guards in his Borough. Said he, "The Home Guard may not be England's last hope, but it will be Hitler's last hope when he meets it."

Perhaps because it is again part of our National character that there is always a certain amount of laughter (good hearted laughter, mind you) at what one might call "amateur soldiers". I remember in the last war the amusement of many of the younger people at such people as my father—too old for the army—who paraded in mufti wearing red brassards with the letters "G.R." They were never called upon for action but they were ready and willing.

The Home Guard has grown beyond the stage of causing amusement. The men are too efficient and soldierly and it can be said without exaggeration that many a company of the Home Guard seen marching down the street are only distinguishable from the regulars by reason of their shoulder flashes—and their gaiters.

HE ALSO SERVES

ALL ranks of the Merton Platoon were deeply shocked and grieved to hear of the sudden death of one of their fellow members, Volunteer F. C. Langford.

A veteran of the last War, Volunteer Langford was a popular and enthusiastic Home Guard and a very old servant of the Board.

The funeral took place at Mitcham on Saturday, July 5th, Military Honours being accorded by a detachment of the Merton Platoon under the command of Lieut. J. Harris. Lt.-Col. Powell, Officer Commanding 44th Battalion, was also present. Their presence provided an impressive and appropriate setting to the last rites at the passing of an old soldier, whose war and civilian service was symbolised by the use of "Old Bill", the veteran omnibus, which also served as a link between the two wars.

We regret to announce the death of Volunteer G. T. Mileham, of Merton Platoon.

At the request of his family, the Platoon was not represented at the funeral on the 16th July.

A veteran of the 1914-18 war, Volunteer Mileham was an enthusiastic Home Guard, and gave generously of his time to its activities.

HOME GUARD WEDDING

RECENTLY the Rev. Anthony Toller was appointed Chaplain to the 44th Battalion, and his first function in this capacity was to officiate at the wedding of Miss Kathleen Buchanan, and Mr. A. Cooper. The bride is the daughter of Major Buchanan, Adjutant of the 44th, and Mrs. Buchanan. The ceremony took place at St. Giles' Church, Camberwell, and a Guard of Honour from the Camberwell Platoon of the 44th Battn. formed an arch of bayonets when the couple left the church. Among those present were the parents of bride and bridegroom, Lt.-Col. Powell and Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Hoare, M.B.E., an aunt of the bride.

WOMEN HELP HOME GUARD

WOMEN conductors of the St Albans garage have volunteered to help the Home Guard in any possible way that they can.

They are organising parties for canteen work and also First Aid and Nursing Squads, entirely for the benefit of the St. Albans Home Guard.

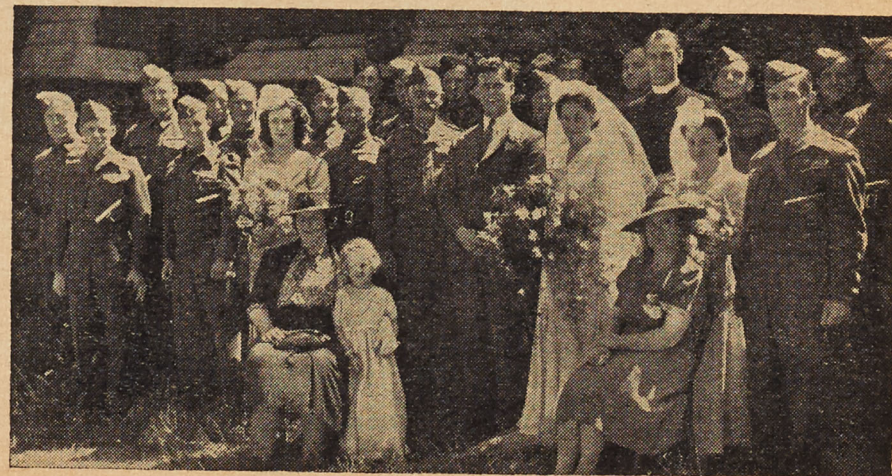
On a Sunday in July four of these women volunteers had the honour of being invited with the Garage Home Guard to witness the presentation of a magnificent American Mobile Canteen, beautifully fitted out, and presented by the Boston Brunners Ice Hockey Team of America to the Home Guard of St Albans.

The presentation was made by Mr. Carr of the U.S.A., who remarked that the canteen was the first of its kind to be given by America solely for the use of the Home Guard of Great Britain. This canteen will be "manned" by women.

It is the sincere wish of the women conductors of St. Albans garage who are taking part in this campaign that other garages will follow suit as soon as possible and do what they can for their own Home Guard. They may not be recognised officially, but they will surely be appreciated by the Home Guard.

How about it, girls?

And thank you, America.



The Rev. A. Toller, Chaplain to the 44th Battn., performed the ceremony when Miss Kathleen Buchanan, daughter of the Battalion Adjutant, married Mr. A. Cooper. The Chaplain can be seen just behind the Bride.

SUNDAY PARADE

ON Sunday, July 13th, a parade of the 46th Battalion was inspected by Col. E. T. Brook accompanied by Col. Beech, C.B., O.B.E., T.D., Lt.-Col. A. W. M. Mawby, O.B.E., T.D., Major Saville and Major Duffell.

On their arrival Col. Brook and the other officers were greeted by Lt.-Col. Couch, M.C., D.C.M., officer commanding the Battalion, who accompanied Col. Brook on the tour of inspection that followed. The parade was taken by Major Barker, second in command. Signalling and stretcher bearing parties were included and the Band was in attendance.

After inspecting the Guard, under 2nd Lieut. J. Pile, Col. Brook and the other officers went round the Battalion. A march past followed and the men marched well, but towards the end the effect was somewhat spoiled by one platoon which suddenly swerved to the right immediately after passing the saluting base and passed outside the marking flags instead of between them. The natural result was that the platoons behind followed suit and the unfortunate officer of the Guard was very nearly trampled underfoot but bravely stood his ground!

After the march past came a machine-gun demonstration. The men were keen but they had some difficulty with the tripods, which are rather tricky things to handle. Once the tripods were up the rest of the drill was done with skill and precision.

Addressing the officers and men at the close of the parade, Col. Brook thanked them for what he had seen and for all the sacrifices they had made. He urged them to stick to their training and above all to get as much practice as possible on the ranges. There were difficulties, he knew, about getting to them, but he felt sure they would rise above these as they had risen above all others. At this point Col. Brook drew an interesting comparison. "I have spent some time," he said, "big game hunting in Africa and I cannot help thinking that in the event of invasion by parachute troops you Home Guards will be rather like big game hunters—if your first shot misses you may not have the chance of a second. A hunter must be a good shot and so it is essential that you should be good shots. Many of you have had experience with rifles before, but even you need practice to keep in trim. So once again I ask you to overcome the difficulties in getting to Bisley—and get there."

BATTALION NEWS

41st BATTALION

WE regret to say it, but in thirty years there has been no progress in "Night Ops," those soul-destroying exercises that are the meat and drink of that ephemeral body—the High Command. Now, when we say there has been no progress we mean no progress from the ordinary "unpanzered" infantryman's point of view. One would have thought that in these days of mechanisation, when every other chap in khaki seems to possess some sort of army contraption on wheels to excuse him doing a mile's honest route march, there ought to be enough to go round the other 50 per cent. Well, there aren't. For you and me, and the other odd numbers, night operations (outside the town area) still mean exactly what they did thirty years ago—miles of footslogging over bad ground, two or three hours sitting in the wet grass and no smoking when in "enemy territory."

There is the same interminable wait for the enemy who never comes, the same vain hope that at least an umpire will pay us a visit compliment us on our alertness and the cunning disposition of our ambush. But things haven't changed and sure enough, with the first glimmer of dawn, here comes the despatch rider to tell us he has been searching for us for hours, with the information that the action was over long ago and that the rest of the units were dismissed shortly after midnight!

It is now almost daylight. Even the two or three hours valuable slumber that might have been possible before breakfast and the next day's work are past recall. Another waste of time? No, not a waste of time—not by a long chalk, as any old-timer will tell you—on the contrary, a valuable lesson in discipline, endurance and morale.

A lot of good work is being done in the way of field exercises and other operations in conjunction with local and zone units and every endeavour should be made to make the most of the summer evening daylight hours for this useful training.

43rd BATTALION

"2 A" Company

CERTAIN units of this Company took part recently in major tactical exercises in conjunction with forces of the Regular Army. These exercises included a "call out" in the middle of the night, followed by considerable action over many hours.

There were, naturally, mistakes on both sides, but there were some outstanding examples of excellent work by the Home Guard. It is by such exercises as these, especially when we have the opportunity to work in conjunction with the Regular Army, that we learn those all-important parts of our training—field work, concealment, observation and communication.

We were joined in this exercise by forces from the 41st Battn, but, unfortunately, as so frequently happens in exercises covering a very large area, these Platoons did not see a great deal of action. There will, no doubt, be frequent similar exercises, perhaps on rather a smaller scale from time to time and we look forward to more action and further opportunities of getting on with our training as quickly as possible.

Many are the tales which could be told of all the various incidents which took place during the hours of the exercise, but, in the interests of security, we will confine ourselves to saying that the H.G. have at

least learned quite a lot about how to defend themselves against armoured carriers and heavily armed Regular Troops; and it was not without considerable satisfaction that three consecutive sections of the Regulars were observed to fall into the ambush. One also heard astonishment expressed on the part of another Regular Force who found themselves well and truly captured by Home Guards.

44th BATTALION

The ever-present problem of the Home Guard officer is to keep his men keen; keyed up to that pitch which imbued every man in those anxious days of 1940.

Lieut. J. Harris has gone far towards solving the problem in the Merton Platoon by introducing that life-blood of all enterprise—competition. With the assistance of his equally keen N.C.O.'s he has drawn up a scheme whereby merit, individual and collective, in the various branches of Home Guard activity, will be recorded on a points basis, and recognition accorded by the presentation of trophies.

These, in the form of cups, spoons and a shield, will be awarded for marksmanship, rifle drill, squad drill, and guard and parade attendances.

The Merton Platoon has evoked much favourable comment on the score of general efficiency and smartness, and should therefore, when the new enterprise begins to bear fruit, give other Platoons much more to think about.



At Finchley Col. Brook sent for Band Sergeant Monk after the march past and talked with him about the Band.

No. 11 Platoon has been very active in the last few months; no fewer than three combined exercises with Regulars have been carried out, while with other Home Guard Platoons several mock battles have been fought (and won?)

One turn-out was on a cold, wet morning, and after reporting at H.Q. instructions were received to strengthen another Company H.Q. who were harassed by enemy from a direction which made our approach difficult. On the way, scouts held up for inspection at strategic points, cars from enemy lines, one of which had an umpire in, the other the C.O. of our local crowd who was leaving Company post as enemy had arrived! We had lost marks through leaving our platoon vehicle open to air attack, but the last episode picked them up again.

Incidentally, on these exercises, considerable ingenuity is used for camouflage, signalling, etc., and in all cases map reading and references are used throughout, members of the platoon generally having some specialized knowledge of something or other (even driving a lorry backwards at speed to get out of hot spots)!

A LARGE party of A.H. Platoon recently found their way to Bisley, and it was good to see such keenness and willingness to give up a Sunday to training.

Although perhaps the day was better than the shooting (or was it?) there was some very good shooting. Outstanding was the bull-finding of Vol. Warwick, an old South African "sweet". Sergt.-Major Durrant and Vol. Kimber topped the scoring with many others close behind. The first shoot put confidence in those who had never fired a service rifle before, so that the second shoot showed great improvement. The next outing should produce a platoon of snipers! As well as the serious side of the business it was a most convivial and enjoyable day.

MANŒUVRES have turned out to be highly successful owing to D.G. Platoon Commander being able to obtain the services of a sergeant-instructor of the Essex Regiment. It was agreed by all that he has certainly been putting us through our paces, but nobody minds that as it is the sort of advanced stages of manœuvres which we all require. Although attendances are very good, we should welcome a few more faces.

A number of our men have been having instructions under Sergeant Daintree of the local Home Guard. Much valuable information has been gained and many thanks are due to Sergeant Daintree.

Congratulations on his marriage to L.-Cpl. Sanderson, and everybody wishes him success. Incidentally, he is our youngest N.C.O.

Although Dunton Green is 75 per cent strong, unfortunately a number of our men have been called to the Colours. This somewhat disrupts the smooth running of mounting guards at the garage, and we would welcome more volunteers.

A COMPETITION shoot was held between a Regular Canadian Regiment (Snipers Section) and a representative team from "B" Company.

The competition was won by the Home Guard team by a margin of 25 points.

C.S.M. Huggett, "B" Company, scored a total of 72 points out of a possible 75. Good shooting "B" Company!

45th BATTALION

A SOLDIER's best friend may be his rifle—once he's got used to it, but it's something

BATTALION NEWS

of a cumbersome ornament to a rookie. Recently we tried our skill at the miniature range against Sutton Garage.

Our hopes were dashed when two members failed to hit the target, a fact which they attributed to the rifle they had used, while the rest of us attributed it to a variety of reasons!

Eventually the rifle was tried out by the "hot-shot" of the range with the same result. The sights were out of line!

Another rifle was substituted but even so we lost the match. However, we won the return, and now we are eagerly looking forward to the decider.

Our first field day, under the command of Major Drury, was a great success, especially the community singing in the buses en route for the battlefield. Lt.-Col. Alford, M.C., was present to watch us at work, preparing for the battle of Britain (land operations). The weather was so hot

A. J. Barker, Major W. Small, Captain L. H. Frooms and Dr Moore, accompanied by Major Alder, were then conducted to Coy. Headquarters, and from there toured the whole of the front.

Details met were questioned as to their duties and the various Platoon Headquarters, Casualty Station, Mess arrangements inspected en route.

Road patrols were encountered and strong points examined.

The journey (on foot) across fields knee deep in grass, dry beds of streams, up hill, down dale, over plough, etc., tried out the fitness of the inspecting party (the Dr said he had not walked more than 200 yards at a time for years).

After two hours of this, the troops were met at the assembly point again but "No beer." This was calamitous, but 2nd-Lieut. Pile, M.M., Training Officer (a good lad—this) waited us to Divisional Headquarters where he produced bottles of ale and sandwiches which brought the sparkle back to our eyes, and flexibility to our limbs.

DANCING TIME

THE Leatherhead Platoon, in co-operation with the Local Fetcham Unit, held a dance recently at Fetcham Village Hall, in aid of Volunteer A. G. Morris who through illness has been forced to leave the Home Guard, also the Board's service. There was an excellent attendance, and everyone had an enjoyable evening.

There were several Officers present, including Major C. E. Ayres, Major Humble, and Captain Taylor of the Local Unit.

The help given by the Local Fetcham Unit was very much appreciated, and contributed greatly to the success of the evening. We were able to hand Volunteer A. G. Morris the sum of £52. 9s. 3d.

Congratulations on the appointment of our Sergt.-Major to 2nd Lieutenant.

ON the evening of July 15th, passers-by thronged the pavement outside the Regal



The Mayor of Edmonton and Col. Brook inspect the Guard of Honour outside the Regal Cinema, Edmonton.



Stretcher Bearers were among those on the parade with the 46th Bn. when Col. Brook inspected them. Lt.-Col. Coucher, M.C., D.C.M., is just behind the Colonel.

(Continued from Col. 3)

Silver Cup, presented by Mrs. Baker, for the highest individual score in the Handicap Competition: Sergt. R. Esom; score, 287 out of 300. Clock, for 2nd Highest Scorer, presented by J. Powell, Esq., L/Cpl. H. Farey.

Sergt. Esom is the musketry instructor of the Battalion and appreciation of his skill and energy in this capacity was shown by the presentation to him of a trophy from members of the Club.

Congratulations to all concerned.

An excellent concert was organised by the Finchley Depot Home Guard recently, and was attended by Col. Beach, C.B., O.B.E., T.D., Col. E. T. Brook and Lt.-Col. Coucher, M.C., D.C.M.

The hall was packed and a very enthusiastic audience gave the artists a great reception. In a report that must necessarily be brief it is not possible to mention all those who took part, but the two outstanding turns were Dorothy and Helen, who sang and danced and were very easy to look at and delightful to hear, and Eddy Simpson, one of the Three Admirals, who sang, and played the accordion, with great gusto. Jimmy Rose, the singing sailor, was a huge success and Sergt. Tom Salter, of the Luton Garage Home Guard, sang twice during the evening to a very appreciative audience.

The evening was also a financial success, a total of £21. 10s. being raised for the K.R.R. Prisoners of War Fund. Congratulations to those responsible and thanks for a very good evening.

Cinema, Edmonton, to watch the Mayor of the Borough and Col. E. T. Brook inspect a Guard of Honour under the command of 2nd Lieut. E. G. Stokes. This was just about as smart a Guard as I have seen, very precise in movement and, a factor frequently overlooked, very well chosen for size. Both Colonel Brook and the Mayor were impressed by the smartness of the men and the latter said to me later, "They really were good in every detail—and I can assure you I looked for all the bits and pieces that they used to examine me for in the last war."

This ceremony was the prelude to a dance in the Cinema's ballroom, organised by the Edmonton Trolley-bus Depot Home Guard Rifle Club, and prizes for a recent handicap competition were distributed by Col. Brook.

The call of duty prevented Lt.-Col. Coucher, M.C., D.C.M., from being present until late in the evening, but he was represented by his second-in-command, Major Barker, and Mrs. Coucher was also present.

Col. Brook, the Mayor and Mayoress, Deputy-Mayor (Alderman Hollywood) and Deputy-Mayoress, and other officers and ladies were introduced to the assembly by Major Malster, Chairman of the Club. The prize-winners were as follows:—

Silver Cup for Handicap Winner, presented by H. R. Fry, Esq., Vol. C. Howard.
Silver Cup for Handicap Second, presented by J. C. Malster, Esq., Vol. H. Carter.
Wrist Watch for Handicap Third, presented by W. Wynn, Esq., L/Cpl. Watson.

(Continued in Col. 2)

SHENVAL PRESS



THE HOME GUARD

SUPPLEMENT TO PENNYFARE

NO. 24
(WAR SERIES)
SEPTEMBER
1941

ONE OLD SOLDIER TO ANOTHER

THE printed word, which is one of the boons of our civilisation, also has its perils for the individual, for it acts as a boomerang. What the soldier said is not evidence, but what the soldier writes can be brought up against him. Personally, I am chary of expressing views, either by word of mouth or by pen, for they invariably come back on me some time or other.

Nevertheless, I feel justified in writing a few lines for THE HOME GUARD on a subject about which I have strong feelings, despite a usually placid temperament.

The assertion is frequently made that the old soldier, with the last war to his credit, has been rendered an anachronism because of the development of the machine and the consequent war of movement.

It is alleged that everything has been quickened up so much that anyone who has seen service in the last war must be numbered among "the halt, the lame and the blind".

It is said that in our Home Guard uniform we are merely a *rechauffe*, likely to clog the vitals of the modern British Military Machine.

Such statements pain us all. If they were true they would be unbearable, and much better left unsaid as ungracious at the best and definitely harmful to our war effort at the worst.

But what are the facts? After our country had met with serious reverses in the Army, at a time when its flower was left, with the whole of its equipment, either dead or wounded in France, the peril of this country was a stark reality. It was absolutely necessary to call to arms every individual who knew how to bear arms and every man liable to service.

There were paramount reasons for this, but the vast number of men not already in the army, who had the requisite knowledge were already, for the most part, working hard either in the factories, in the great utility companies, such as yours, on the land, in the civil defence services or in innumerable other civilian jobs from which, if called away, the vitally important services to the nation would be seriously impaired. Yet their services were necessary to the nation as an armed force.

Somebody had a brain wave and said, "Why not form a force, for purely local defence, of volunteers who can do their usual daily work and still be available as armed men ready to cope with parachutists?"

You all know what the response to that call was. But what earthly use would that force have been without the old soldier? Where would have been the knowledge of how to use weapons, where the understanding of discipline, where that

feeling of security engendered by self-respect and self-reliance acquired from the *Esprit de Corps* fostered through centuries in the army, and taught and avidly learned by you and the likes of you during the last war?

The answer is incontrovertible. It is that without the old soldier, without his indomitable spirit and training, without his cohesion and trust in his officers and comrades, without his spirit of service, this Home Guard of ours could never have been formed, as formed it was, in spite of everything.

What did we achieve? To commence with, practically unarmed as we were at first, we gave the Regular Army a chance to get on with its training, we took over innumerable guards and observation posts, we set up blocks and minor fortifications all over the Kingdom, all of which would have had to be found normally by the Regular Army. I reckon that one way and another, we freed from the earliest days at least 100,000 regular troops from such duties and allowed them time to get on with their training. Had the old soldier not been in our ranks the Regular Army could not have been relieved of such duties.

But the critic still wags his tongue, and this time with more force. He says we cannot afford to sit down and think we have nothing to learn from modern tactical methods and modern ways of using weapons. Our answer is that of course we need every possible bit of knowledge the modern fighting men can give us, but we have gone a long way towards that. We have our up-to-date schools like Denbies, where our instructors assimilate knowledge. We have been given Regular Senior Officers of experience to command operationally and train us. We have Regular Adjutants and Permanent Sergeant Instructors, and we are their very willing pupils. To replace our Battalion Commanders by Regular soldiers would not, I think, be possible, even were it desirable, for the Regular Army find it more and more difficult to spare their good officers—we want nothing but the best—from their own units. Therefore, until the Regular

Army can come to us and say we can find you better men than those you have, let us hold fast to our present commanders who make up in adaptability what they may lack in vigorous military training. They are proven men who will hold the fort come what may.

Nevertheless, let me say as clearly as I can that we have no use for the old soldier who rests on the past, and is unwilling to learn, or is too wooden-headed to do so. We must in no circumstances ever be content. We, one and all, know we

(Continued on page 4, col. 2)



HEADQUARTERS CALLING

No doubt much has been said about the necessity for Members of the Home Guard to attend parades, and to take all possible means of getting as much training as they can, but I feel there can never be too much said on this subject.

I appreciate very much an article in the August issue. I too feel that there must be a number of members who have not yet either attended drills or parades, perhaps through the difficulty of sparing the time, perhaps as they have not realised how very necessary it is for them to be made efficient members of the unit as soon as it is possible.

Let me appeal to all those who have not yet reported for training, and also those who have not put in as much time as they might have done, to give more time to the work of the Home Guard, and to make themselves efficient without delay.

We are living in serious times, and it is important that all members of this unit should become efficient, so that we may feel the whole of the unit is capable of carrying out any work that it may have to face.

What about rifle practice? Are you taking every opportunity of getting to Bisley? This is one of the most important parts of your training. You must be good shots. I know there are difficulties in getting to Bisley, but try and overcome these so as to make yourself efficient on the range.

There must be many members of the Board's staff who are in a position to enrol in the Home Guard but have not yet done so. Will members of the Board's Unit do all they can to get more enrolments so as to keep up our strength. As you are well aware, we are losing many members due to their having to join the Services, and we must always be in a position to fill their places with as little delay as possible.

(Continued at foot of col. 1, page 4)



The Band of London Transport Unit played at the Service at St. Peter's, Cricklewood, when members of the 43rd Battalion and the L.M.S. Unit attended a Church Parade there.

YOUNGEST OLD CONTEMPTIBLE

ON December 1st, 1900, there was born at Landport, Hants, a boy who was later christened Thomas Salter. His parents died while he was still a nipper and he went to live with an aunt. His aunt spoilt him (he admits this himself) and he got used to having his own way. He was a hefty lad and though he was only thirteen years and eight months old when England went to war with Germany on August 4th, 1914, he looked a lot older. At the time he and his aunt lived in Portsmouth and Tom was growing bored with life and wanted to see something of the world. The war seemed to give him his opportunity—what could be finer than to be a soldier? On the afternoon of August 10th, Tom went to a recruiting office and tried to join the Royal Horse Artillery. "How old are you?" said the recruiting sergeant. "Seventeen, sir," said Tom, hoping that the recording angel was too busy to notice the inaccuracy of his statement. The sergeant looked him up and down; he thought him a likely lad. He grinned cheerfully. "Go outside, son, and come back and say you're eighteen." Tom went out with a light heart, right-about-turned and came back. "How old are you?" said the sergeant. "Eighteen, sir," said Tom, not even caring about the recording angel by this time, so great was his excitement at the success of his plan. A few minutes later he was a soldier, in the Royal Horse Artillery.

Tea and bread and butter was provided for the new recruits and later the same afternoon they were sent to Woolwich to do their training. While he was at Woolwich Tom's aunt came to plead with him to return to Portsmouth, but he told her that if she told the authorities his real age and had him turned out, he would immediately enlist again in a false name. He was quite determined and the good lady realised



that he meant what he said, so she wished him good luck and left him to it.

Training was brief in those hard days and exactly one month after he had enlisted, on September 10th, 1914, Tom landed at Le Havre. From there he went to La Bassee and remained there until November when he went down with trench fever and was sent to a hospital at Southampton. In April, 1915, he was once again with the 51st Division. He was at Festubert, on the Somme, at Arras and Beaumont Hamel and in the first gas attack at Ypres he got a slight touch of gas but did not have to return to Blighty. In March, 1917, Tom was wounded and after a spell at Ripon Convalescent Camp he was sent to a camp near Luton with the 8th Brigade, R.H.A.

It was while he was there that Tom's real age was discovered and he was kept on Home Service for duration. In 1919, still only eighteen and a half, and with four years of war behind him, Tom was "demobbed". A month later he enlisted for four years service with the R.H.A. and went to India where he saw service in the Third Afghan War.

After some years in the hat trade at Luton, where he made his home, Tom joined London Transport as a conductor at Luton Garage and recently transferred to driving. He is back in khaki again as Sergeant Salter, of the 43rd County of London Battalion, Home Guard. He is gas instructor to this platoon at Luton Garage and in his spare time he sings at concerts. It was on one of these occasions that I first met Tom Salter and got his story from him.

Is this a record? Well, I don't think we need have much doubt about it. I think it is one of the most amazing stories I have ever heard—just think of it, a boy not yet fourteen going through what our men went through in France in 1914 and after, and there are many of you who know just what that was like.

Luton Platoon are justly proud of Sergeant Salter and are willing to back him against all comers for the title of "The Youngest Old Contemptible".

BATTALION NEWS

41st BATTALION

OVER a period of many weeks we have received very few contributions to forward to the Editor of the Journal. We have no wish, at Battalion Headquarters, to monopolise the space placed at our disposal. If your Platoon has been carrying out any unusual work which you think may be of special interest, please let us have the details.

No criticism of these Battalion notes has so far been received, but we are anxious that the information should be of interest. It is realised that reports of ordinary routine work in the Battalion are everybody's experience, and, therefore, not normally of special interest. We have tried, up to the present, to write of the lighter side of training, and if humorous incidents occur during field exercises, or on other Home Guard occasions, we should welcome an account of them. There is no amusing incident to report on this occasion but Battalion Headquarters is due to be bombed again very shortly.

No. 17 Platoon, E. Company, ask how their Bisley results on August 3rd compare with those of other Platoons in the Battalion. As their score seems promising to us we quote it here: Range 200 yards, Application fire, 10 rounds. Possible score 50. Average score of Platoon of 25 (all ranks), 43.2. Three scored 48 each.

A word about Part II Orders. A delicate hint is occasionally conveyed (seldom, however, by "veterans") that we are guilty of discourtesy when we do not reply to a letter from a Volunteer forwarded by his Company Commander for attention by Battalion Headquarters. If we replied to all such letters we should never be able to get on with our job as a whole. Usually such letters can be, and are, automatically answered by entries concerning individuals in Part II Orders. If a Volunteer applies for a transfer, from A. Coy. to B. Coy. for instance, and such transfer duly appears in Part II Orders, that in itself is a reply to the Volunteer's letter, and any further reply is, after all, only waste of time and paper. Part II Orders are now exhibited on a considerable number of notice boards, and Volunteers should ascertain from Company Headquarters the location of the nearest of these notice boards to their place of work on the System. Notices are also put up on these Boards from time to time.

43rd BATTALION

NO. 7 PLATOON, "B" Coy. received a visit from Lt.-Col. Cleary, the Battalion Commander, one Sunday in August, to inspect the usual Sunday morning parade.

Major J. J. Honnor, the Company Commander, accompanied Lt.-Col. Cleary on the inspection, the parade being taken by Lt. Turner. Afterwards the Platoon Headquarters were inspected and a demonstration of bayonet drill was given. In a brief but pointed speech our Battalion Commander expressed his satisfaction at what he had seen and commended us for our progress, while urging us to stick to our training. We, on our part, should like to express our appreciation of his visit.

THE first dance of the newly appointed Social Committee of Cricklewood Home Guard went off well at the Cricklewood Hotel. Everyone came set for a jovial

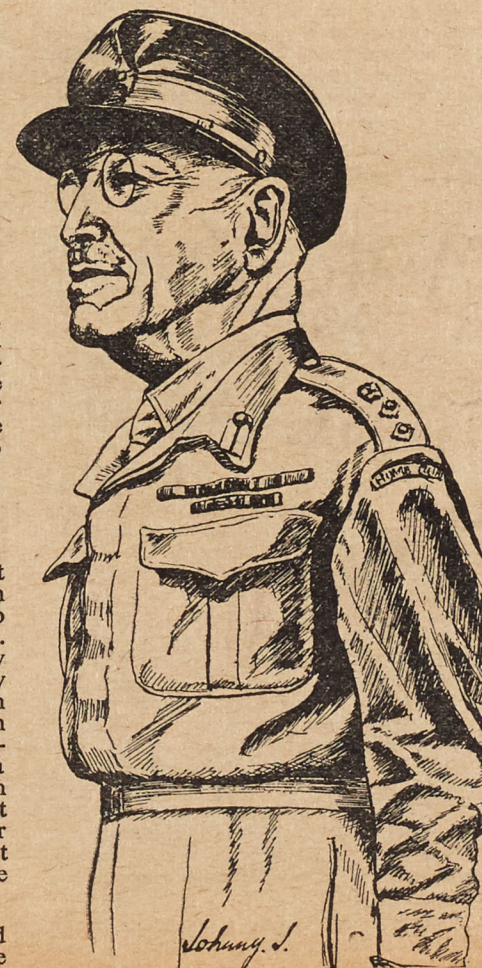
occasion and the evening had quite a frolicsome air about it.

The Bar had a good deal of attention and although some members endeavoured to use this as an excuse for their lack of dancing talent, others were lacking in neither capacity. During the evening we were enlightened by Mr. S. Vaddon as to the true character of "Our Sergeant Major" while Mrs. Lovesey sang "There'll always be an England" with the assistance of the Home Guard. (And whichever way you read that last phrase it's O.K.) Bandsman Percy Brown was an excellent M.C.

Unfortunately Major J. B. Woodward was unable to attend but he sent a message wishing us a good evening.

"A" Company and some members of the L.M.S. Unit held a joint Church Parade at St. Peter's, Cricklewood, recently. It was preceded by a two-and-a-half mile march to the church, headed by the London Transport Unit Band. There was quite a crowd outside the church and shortly before the Home Guard arrived a body of A.F.S. men, stationed next door, marched in and took their place in seats specially reserved for them.

The main body of the church had been set aside for the Home Guard, and as soon as the men were seated the Band took up their position at the foot of the chancel steps and played the service. It was a very impressive affair and the Band played excellently. A photograph appears on the opposite page.



Col. A. Symons, C.M.G.

44th BATTALION

A VERY happy evening was spent with the St. Nicholas Hospital H.G., an event organised by 2nd Lt. Hulyer. In a miniature range contest St. Nicholas beat us by 3 points, but at least we had our revenge in the darts match which followed and which we won easily. Music and dancing followed and it is hoped shortly to arrange another meeting.

A SPLENDID parade mustered at Plumstead to proceed to posts arranged for us to hold. Instructions received placed us under fire from the moment we moved off in extended order, and every available bit of cover was used until out positions were reached. Sentries and machine-gun crews were posted at strategic points, while our signallers, who were well represented under Corpl. Jupp, laid telephone wires from one post to another. It was a novel experience and everyone was very keen.

The enemy at last drew near, but unfortunately men and bren-carriers held up by our men had already been put out of action, so they "didn't count" and an exciting morning came to an end.

Unfortunately we were rather late in arriving at a tank demonstration and owing to the huge crowd of Home Guards present, we did not get much of a look in. But those of us who went, three bus loads, enjoyed the experience and learnt something about tanks.

CROYDON witnessed some fine work from Croydon Garage Platoon Home Guards when members of a Guards Regiment tried to surround and capture the Garage and Platoon Headquarters, but failed. (This may interest Mr. Hitler.)

Yes; in spite of a very dark night and heavy rain, we were able to prevent the Guards from obtaining their objective, and I take this opportunity as an ex-soldier watching the first manoeuvres I have ever seen of the Home Guard, to say I felt proud to realise that such men were guarding our interests, and a word of thanks to the St. John Ambulance Brigade, who turned out at 3.00 hrs. to supply hot beverages and sandwiches to our Patrols.

45th BATTALION

A MOST enjoyable day was spent on manoeuvres by "B" Company. Camberwell, the defenders, are to be congratulated on the manner in which all posts were guarded, while the attackers, Wandsworth and Clapham, were commended by the officers present for the skill with which they tried to reach their objectives. The parties were entirely under the command of Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s as the officers were acting as umpires. The whole exercise was carried out with keenness and energy, and we all look forward to many more such days in the future.

THE opening of the new Guard Room and Platoon H.Q. of the Hounslow Platoon was marked by the mounting of a special guard, consisting of the tallest men in the platoon. This very smart guard was inspected by the Battalion Commander, Lt.-Col. E. R. Alford, M.C., D.C.M., who afterwards visited the Guard Room and addressed the men.

A concert followed and it was a great success and we were all grateful to those who entertained us so enjoyably. Our Battalion Commander was present with our Company Commander, Major P. Braidwood, Capt. Ward, Lt. Dowling, 2nd Lt. Yendell and, of course, our Platoon Commander, Lt. E. J. Dawson.

BATTALION NEWS

(Continued)

We were also very pleased to welcome members of the Hounslow bus platoon.

Nos. 3 and 4 Platoons of "B" Coy. (45th Battn.) Camberwell T. have received their Baptism of Fire. On the night of 16th and 17th August we were subjected to attacks on the depot by platoons of a Guards Regiment. We devised our own methods of defence. Old electric globes, copper bags filled with sand, and our fire hoses. Believe me those fire hoses did the job thoroughly. One guardsman was literally washed over and over out of the depot entrance. We captured one 2nd. Lt. one C.S.M. and 23 men.

The gate at Camberwell was being guarded by sentries plus a fire-hose, when suddenly there was a terrific yell and we were rushed by about 50 men. These were well and truly drenched by L-Cpl. Burkill at the hose and then we discovered that our attackers were Peckham Home Guard who had come to recapture the depot. They had been told that the enemy had occupied it. I expressed regret to the O.C. attackers for their soaking, and I will say the lads took it all in good part. At 7.30 a.m. the senior umpire arrived and asked us to release all prisoners. He congratulated us on a good show, and well-placed strong points, and said that we had done remarkably well, and at no time during the operations was the depot in danger. The first attack was a great surprise to the Guards who had their dash well and truly damped by our hose-pipe. They were, in the words of the umpire, annihilated; and the other attacks should not have been carried out owing to the defenders being in too strong a position. To quote an old saying: "A good time was had by all".

46th BATTALION

WALTHAMSTOW Depot held a most enjoyable dance at Leyton in aid of their Benevolent Fund. It was attended by a large number of people who said that they had a really good evening. The presence of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Coucher and Major Barker, at our first dance, was greatly appreciated, and we were glad to welcome several other officers. Syd Harding's Band supplied the music and Miss Cullingworth, a Conduetress at Walthamstow, sang delightfully. Encouraged by this success it is hoped to organise something on a more ambitious scale in the near future.

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There are many advantages from joining the Home Guard, in addition to the knowledge that members are carrying out work of great national importance, and are in a position to defend their own Homes. I refer to the social events which take place in all Battalions. I have been to many of these gatherings—not only do I enjoy them, but I am impressed with the amount of pleasure given to the members' wives and families. I always feel that this does in some measure make up for the time that members of the Home Guard have to be away from home to carry out their duties and to complete their training.

R. J. Brook.

THE 42nd TRY IT OUT!

NOW for some really good reading about soldiers born. You'd have thought so too had you been there to see them. As General Gough said at the end of a very successful Tactical Course a week or two ago, "Where did you get these fellows from, they were all born soldiers; I am passing every one of them as a Little General." Naturally I was pleased with such a remark from such a soldier, so I passed it on to the C.O. "Very well, we must try them out with a real tough job," was the Colonel's reply. And so it happened that about 22.00 hours on what we all thought was about the dirtiest night of the summer, these fellows from all parts of London wished a very good night to their folk at home and closing the door, stepped out into the rain. Spit and polish, oh yes, plenty; but more than that, keenness and determination was stamped all over those boys who were making their way to the nearest station or bus stop.

Camouflaged helmets, little bundles of home-made bombs, wire cutters, small home-made ladders, field telephones, light rations, first aid kit, everything on its way, carried by these men to an important railway point. Through torrential rain, they made their way to the depot to be defended or the blitzed school if detailed for attack. The Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen appeared on the scene, and mugs of tea and buns soon were passing through the serving hatch of this vehicle, presented by the Peoples of Malaya. There was the same keenness and spirit inside the Canteen as outside; more volunteers for a night in the rain instead of in bed.

The attacking H.Q. in the blitzed school was soon a hive of industry; telephones rang out, buzzers tapped, pairs of men left with wire cutters, a conference of Officers and Umpires was held. Companies were soon moving forward to establish H.Q.'s, runners reporting back, leaving pools of rain on H.Q. floor.

Messages soon received completed a

(Continued from page 1)

have a great deal to learn, and we welcome and will surely listen to anybody, be he but a babe in years, who will help us to make ourselves efficient.

Now, let me say a few words as to the accusation that we took from the Regular Army arms and equipment sorely needed by them. It is an entirely false accusation. Our equipment, uniform, steel helmets, respirators, etc., did not come to us until it could be spared by the Regular Army. You all know how long we waited for it. You all remember the curious sizes of clothing which were sent to us at first. We were given what the army did not need. You know we have only part equipment. We have one glove per man. That is because it is considered only half of us need gloves; similarly, our mess tins and waterbottles are rationed. No doubt when our Regular Army and Allies are fully equipped we shall get the other glove and more mess tins and waterbottles. You all know our medical equipment was short for a long time, and that was because the regular requirements had not been fully met. You and I do not grumble about this; we realise that it is right and proper, and we would not have it otherwise; but we do think it a bit hard that we should be told we robbed the Regular Army.

Lastly, a word as to weapons. You will remember that at first we had next to none. You know that now we do not use the same weapons as the Regular Army. You also

picture of readiness for the attack. Another hour of grace in which to check up, as all timepieces had to be put back one hour. And so 03.30 hours fixed for general alert arrived, and with it quietness until the first three prisoners were brought in. No further word from Company on right flank; runner despatched and returned with message that telephone had been put out of action; two signallers were sent forward. Further messages arrived. "Have got into Depot—Now in position—Many casualties—Sending back six prisoners." And so it went on, good and bad, some runners returned, some didn't. Then came, "Have taken block house; require reinforcements at once." An Umpire came in to question, a reserve section went out, more prisoners arriving, and more messages piling in every minute. Colonel Brook came in and asked questions; went out looking satisfied I thought, I hoped. More prisoners, less runners, no reserves, but a message: "Power house destroyed, now mopping up."

Away on left information lacking, another runner sent out, dawn, rain stopped. And so it went on until the "Cease Fire" order. Back came the men, wet, sweat, coal dust, no spit, no polish, tired, muddy, but with that look of "so that's that" on their begrimed faces. Those girls appeared from nowhere with the Canteen; tea, buns, and woodbines just fine, what! And they "didn't know a thing about owt" when the defenders tried to get a little information on the cheap.

The boys went home for some shut-eye and a job or two on the allotment; must keep that going. Officers and Umpires adjourned for Post Mortem on the night's work. Good and bad points on both sides were discussed and noted for future occasions. There are still some "boys" with the Home Guard Enrolment Cards in their pockets who could have helped in the defence of this Depot, it would make the job easier too.

know that although we have not yet all we need, we are, in fact well armed and every day brings us more weapons. We do not wish the Germans to invade this country, for such must inevitably mean much devastation, large casualties, and great sorrow to a number of us, but we are prepared to give them such a welcome that they will wish they had not come; and please do not make any mistake about it. He probably will come. When he does remember that if you do not kill him he will kill you and your women and children. Fix that firmly in your minds. This is no war of gloves.

You are up against an enemy whom you knew as a brutal soldier in the last war. If you double the brutality of the last war you will still be far short of your enemy's capabilities in that respect in this war. Do not give him any chance. When you were young soldiers you called your enemy "Jerry" and you gave him cigarettes. He did not deserve them, and to-day he deserves them even less. His cruelty, treachery and bestiality have made "Satan" a more appropriate name for him, except that even Satan is sometimes credited with gentlemanly attributes which the Nazi of to-day does not possess. The Germans give no quarter—he can expect none.

A last word. Welcome to our ranks the young soldier, give him every help, but for goodness sake do not come the old soldier over him and above all do not patronise him.

A. Symons

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